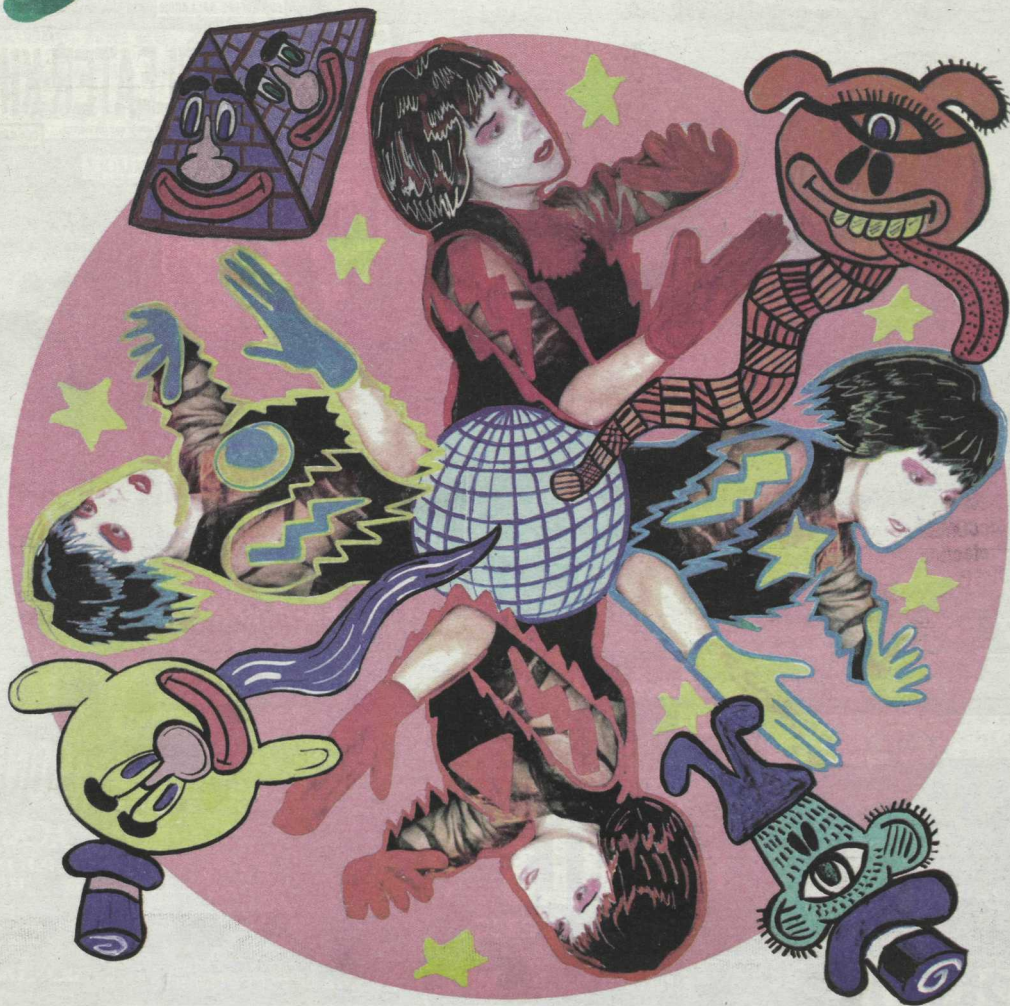


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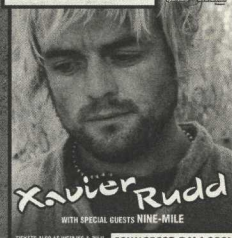


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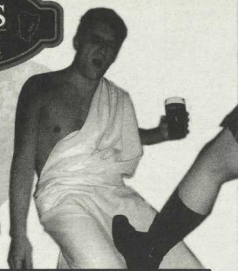
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DiSCORDER

That magazine from CiTR 101.9fm.

February 2005

EDITRIX

Kat Siddle

AD MANAGER

Jason Bennet

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Graeme Worthy

ART DIRECTOR

Dale Davies

TA EDITOR

Vampyra Draculea

RLA EDITOR

Kimberley Day

REVIEWS EDITOR

Mairin Deery

LAYOUT & DESIGN

Dale Davies

Graeme Worthy

Jason Bennet

Kimberley Day

Vampyra Draculea

Dory Kornfeld

Jordie Sparkle

PRODUCTION

Graeme Worthy

Dale Davies

Kat Siddle

Kimberley Day

Vampyra Draculea

Jason Bennet

Jordie Sparkle

Chris Walters

Dory Kornfeld

Mairin Deery

Nick

Parmida Z.

Roast Beef

Saelan

Susy Webb

Caroline Walker

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Michelle Mayne

ON THE DIAL

Bryce Dunn

CHARTS

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DATEBOOK

Kat Siddle

Jordie Sparkle

Chris Walters

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FRONT COVER

Owen is the founder and creator of the Rubber Popsicle Factory that has self-published over 80 zines on the Marching Chicken Press (marchingchickenpress@hotmail.com) and is represented by Perro Verlag (PerroVerlag@Germanmail.com). Owen curates art shows at Lucky's Comics on Main Street. Owen's art has been shown around Vancouver, Seattle, Toronto, Montreal and New York and can be seen in the Infinity Project show at the Helen Pitt Gallery curated by Jo Cook. Owen draws with Puffers and paints with James Whitman of the Lions fame. Owen lives with his lovely wife Terry in Mt. Pleasant but would rather live in the heart of Strathcona.

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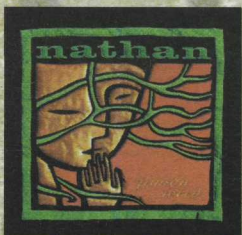


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Perpetually Imminent Disaster

Greetings, readers.

This month, I feel it my duty to share a personal anecdote with you. Not because I want to. Not because it satisfies me. It's for your own good, all of you.

THE ANECDOTE:

So one night, a couple weeks ago, I went to this boy's house, hoping that after a little beer and a lot of awkward pauses he might want to make out with me. We're standing in his kitchen talking about people we know and I'm paying a little too much attention to how I'm standing and how I'm holding my drink, like that's going to make any difference now, like he's going to be struck with a sudden epiphany and think, "Wow, I thought she was a repulsive little troll until I saw how alluringly she holds a glass. I must have her, now."

Things were going pretty well until he announced that he wanted to watch a funny movie. He queued up the film and sat on the far end of the couch, chortling and snorting through the first half hour. I sat on the other end, aware of the 2 feet 5 inches between us, but more aware of the fact that I'd lost his attention, and the movie wasn't keeping mine at all. I got bored. A friend called my cell phone from Pat's Pub: "We're at the Hank and Lily show. It's going to be really good. You coming?" I looked at the TV screen and the way the light reflected on the boy's face. "Yeah," I said, "I'll be right there."

Stepping off the bus, I felt a heartskip of glee. I'd saved my night from the lomeness of being ignored. I was out in public; I could meet people and talk with them. I had resigned myself to a night without kissing, but I could find out about new books and bands, swap witticisms, hear funny stories I'd never been told before.

I bought a cheap beer and greeted my friends a couple minutes before Hank and Lily hit the stage. Their exuberant swampditties, sweet costumes and strip-tease dancer fueled my social mood. I smiled at a few people I recognized from seeing at other shows. They looked away. Weird, I thought. It happened again a few minutes later. "Is it me?" I wondered. "Do I have a disfiguring rash on my face or something?" My friends hadn't mentioned anything. Maybe they were being nice? I looked in the large mirror near the stage (you know the one I mean). Eyeliner, coil, and teeth were all in order. I looked like my usual self. I glanced from my own reflection to that the people standing behind me. They were all either looking at their hair too, or staring at the ground. Every last one of them.

My purpose in telling this unflattering anecdote is this: you people are going to die out if you don't start breeding. And I tell you, that is NOT going to happen unless you stop looking at your haircuts and shoes and starting talking to each other. You may not realize it, but like the mighty Panda, the scenerist is in decline. You won't see evidence of it now. You won't see evidence of it if two years from now. But without a scenerist generation to replace ours, symbiotic species like musicians, t-shirt makers, and one-inch button designers will also face extinction. An entire ecological niche is in grave danger. This Valentines' Day, when you're sitting all alone listening to depressing music, pretending you "don't believe in commercialized holidays," keep this in mind. Forget the haircut. Talk to someone. Breed like there's no tomorrow. Because if you don't, there won't be any tomorrow for the common scenerist. You alone can act to save it.

Thanks you and goodnight.

Kat Siddle

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Riff Raff

by Bryce Dunn

My stereo spilteth over with "abundance" this month, and we've no less than ten (!) entries to pontificate and deliberate on, so let's get spinnin'!

Our sojourn begins with a picture disc or two, and it's always a bonus when you get to make yourself sick watching the rekkids go round. IMHO. Scratch that, let Mike Wiebe of **The Riverboat Gamblers** do that for you—he received one nasty gash to the hand at a show; it now graces one side of a new single w/ **Electric Eel Shock**. The RG's rock surprisingly at mid-tempo with a tune called "That's Entertainment!" that speaks to the average Joe about the spoils of rockin' so hard your hand nearly falls off; our Japanese friends entertain us with "Rock And Roll Can Rescue The World," which is a pretty lofty goal, but the trio aims for the rock funny bone and succeeds without going too over-the-top. There's some witty references to **Van Halen** and **The Ramones** in there, so I'd like to see what else these cats are capable of, and if they can indeed save our world with their lock and loll. (Gearhead Records. <http://www.gearheadrecords.com>).

Belgian instro-beat band **The Filly Foot Combo** deliver a visually stunning three-song affair that

fans of exotica and the surf-styled among you will enjoy. "Jennifer Jennings" has a seventies soft-core soundtrack feel to it, while "Theme From F.A.C.T.S." and "Banana Split" are caught live and in the red for maximum drinkin' and dancin' pleasure. (Delboy Records. <http://www.delboyrecords.net>).

The aforementioned label is also responsible for a gear-grindin' new split 7" from San Franciscan heshers **Drunkhorse**, who turn in "Independent Type," a teenage anthem for a bygone era, and Belgium's bastions of boogie, **The Feather**, who sound a lot like **Gluecifer**, **The Hellcopters** et al., so if your guitar's loud and proud and your pedal's to the metal, then "Joint Of Lamb" is what you want to be chewin' on.

Seems that since al' Dubya has been officially been back in office, the music scene has been rife with protest songs. (and not in the folkie, flowers-in-their-hair type), so **The Earoches** decided to **horn in** on the action and record a garage-rockin' pissed off rant about El Presidente called "Freedom Fries," expressing their distaste for the way they've been cut, deep-fried and eaten up in the disposable consumer culture called warfare. Pretty deep, huh? Well, thankfully on the flip, we can



shake a little frustration out on "Too Hot To Taste" which gives **Gilt Trouble** a run for their money, to be sure. (Steel Cage Records, P.O. Box 29247 Philadelphia, PA USA 19125).

Seems the kids today aren't just pissed off about presidents, but also the style-conscious and the TV-obsessed, so says **Knucklehead**. Calgary's answer to **Social Distortion**-meets-**SHIN LIHE Fingers** punk rock deliver a brass knuckle or three to the "Cosmetic Youth" to get them out of the "Prime Time Reality" they're stuck in, and even though it's a "Long Hard Road," the boys have been around the block a few times to know that music sends a powerful message, so listen up, Sparky! (Longshot Music, PMB #72 302 Bedford Avenue Brooklyn NY USA 11211).

The anger continues with **Hong Kong Blonde**, a powerhouse hardcore unit from right here in Rain City, who have a four song EP out for your consumption. Bringing



to mind **Pelson Idea**, **Black Flag** and other like-minded outfits, what's noteworthy of the four songs like "Hell Is Alive" and "Knives Of Twilight" is the not the atypical "shout along with melody" style of hardcore, but instead more of a storytelling style that provides a little more depth, even if the songs themselves are a little same-y, with the exception of "Two Back Guns." Still, a worthwhile debut and if nothing else, a reason to support what appears to be a fairly miniscule local hardcore scene. (Ugly Pup Records. <http://www.uglypup.com>).

With all this hate, it's good to have something to make you smile once and a while, and **The Suspicions** fit the bill nicely with their debut vinyl. A lo-fidelity crush between **Nikki And The Corvettes** and the poppier side of the garage is how best to describe the tunes "We're All Wrong" and "Memory" off this record. The trio plays with spunk and seems like they'd be a fun band to catch live, and



judging from their website, folks from Seattle to parts unknown will soon have that pleasure. (Nerve Wracking Records, 425 Bolyston Ave, E Seattle WA USA 98102).

The Sultans of San Diego offer more stripped down garage pop on a recent effort for the crowds across the pond. Head Sultan The Slasher (aka John Reis, rocketeer from the crypt extraordinaire) churns out his patented guitar chops whilst Tony Di Prima kicks out the jams and Black Velvet soothes his fans with sultry bass action. "Walk Of Shame" is a speedy little number from their most recent full length, and they do an ace version of **The Dils** "Blow Up" and an unreleased track "Permission To Bored." I would think our English friends would heartily grant this request. (Sweet Nothing Records, info@carcorecords.uk).

We wrap up this extra helping of vinyl visuals with a double scoop of Francophone rock et roll, courtesy of **Midnight Tramp** and **Skip Jensen & His Shakin' Feet**.



The former are a quartet outta Chicoutimi, with a refreshing sound that lies somewhere between **The Long Ryders** and **Flaming Groovies**. There's a great roots-rockin' feel to "I'm Back" and "Higher And Higher," but they infuse a sixties folk-punk influence into "In Spite Of Appearance" that doesn't lose any momentum and begs for repeated spins. (Zaxxon Vinyl Action Records. <http://www.zaxxonvinylaction.com>).

One man band **SJ** fuses the blues, **Back From The Grave** garage punk and hillbilly country into his four song EP, the standout here being "Take My Time" as it pounds and drags its hairy knuckles across the cave floor. He's got a whole mess o' trouble out on a number of different labels, but you can find this one on... (Delta Pop Music Ltd. 663 S. Bernardo Ave. Suite 113 Sunnyvale CA USA 94087).

Whew! what a stack o' wax that was. I be fully spent. 'Til next time, record hounds! **D**

jordan stuttard

July 17th 1971 - January 2nd 2005

friend - bandmate - guitarist - rockstar



It is with great sadness and total disbelief that we announce his sudden passing - his battle with Cystic Fibrosis ended his life short, but didn't stop him from fulfilling a life of accomplished dreams.

He will be remembered by many in Vancouver - and around the world - as a great guitarist for the band sparkmarker. Originally brought into the sparkmarker fold as a roadie, touring North America in a crappy van, helping pump gear and sell merchandise - Jordan was a quick shoe-in when we needed a second guitarist. From then on we toured North America and the Pacific Coast many more times and were able to share our music across the Atlantic on our last tour in Europe. Countless hours crisscrossed in a van, eating crappy road food and sleeping on strange floors as we traversed the world - it was a unique journey full of many exciting, joyful and sometimes stressful situations and circumstances.

Great times that we shared together as we experienced life as 'sparkmarker' - it was a privilege to share those times with Jordan.

May a part of his legacy live on in the music he shared with us.

A talented musician, unpretentious backstage, quick-witted friend - and one hell of a rockstar.

Here's to you Jordan - may you rock the gods above.

- Jason Kimbry -











more photos can be viewed online at www.thinkmusic.com/australia/sparkmarker/jordan

photo credits: various and unknown, but a couple by Andrew Demko, Wayne Goodman and some selfies by the guy in sparkmarker

Do It Your Own Damn Self stencils

BY GEORGE OF THE SEAMIPPERS CRAFT COLLECTIVE

You will need:

image: start simple, one colour, high contrast.
card stock: not so strong that it will be difficult to cut but thick enough to hold its own shape. Think greeting card.
scissors: sharp but not your sewing scissors... there are also scissors with fancy patterned edges that you may want for your image. Places like Michael's and most office supply stores have these.
x-acto knives/utility knives: the more detailed the cut, the smaller the blade you will need.
cutting mat: these are self-healing and stop your blades from going dull. You can get them from art or office supply stores but they are a bit pricey. Daiso in Richmond sells small ones (and everything else) for \$2.
hole punches (optional): there is now a wide variety of shapes and sizes that may enhance your image. Find them in large craft stores or places like paper ya on Granville Island.
metal ruler: for straight edges.
tracing paper: optional
removable textile adhesive: most art supply stores will have this. It will hold your stencil in place. Very useful if the surface you are stenciling is vertical.
pins: will hold fabric in place and flat but you may need something to pin it to, fabric paint (or other paint, depending on your surface); Michael's store carries fabric paint in handy pump spray bottles. Otherwise, most art stores carry fabric paint that can be thinned. Follow the instructions for airbrushing and use your own spray bottle.
spray bottle: small ones are available from dollar stores and sometimes from the travel-size section of drugstores.

The stencil:

This is a craft technique that can be readily adapted to a variety of surfaces depending on what type of paint one is using. The example given here is mainly for fabric but even this medium holds many possibilities. To begin with, choose an image that has one colour, no shading and a simple shape. You will want to decide whether you will be painting the positive or negative space. To transfer the image to your cardstock you can trace it on using tracing paper (just turn it over and scribble onto the back, transferring the image backwards onto the card.) you can also place the image over the card and trace it with a sharp, hard pencil. This will leave an impression that you can retrace over. There are also printers and photocopiers that will print directly onto cardstock and can then be cut out.

Remember that you can make your image either way round and can change your mind at the last minute just by turning the stencil over. You can also use mylar or another plastic transparency as a stencil because you can easily see through it, but it is a bit more difficult to cut so you may want to start on cardstock.

Cut as much of the stencil out with scissors as you can. It is

easier on your hands and you will probably have more control. Take your time cutting, its not worth almost finishing and then ripping your stencil. Although that is what tape is for.

If the item that you are painting has to be pinned flat to avoid wrinkles or expose a hard to reach place. You will need a surface to pin it to; a piece of Styrofoam or a really firm pillow is good. (Make sure that whatever you use has been properly protected if you want to avoid getting paint on it.) Once the surface has been secured you will want to anchor the stencil. If you use removable textile adhesive you will want to spray the back and then let it dry a little. You can also blot the back so the area isn't too sticky. Adhesive assures that the stencil won't slip when the paint is sprayed on and also prevents paint from running under the edges of the stencil. You can also pin the stencil in place, just make sure that the pins don't overlap into the painted area. If your stencil is of the positive space, you will want to mask off around the outside edges of the space to avoid this area accidentally being painted.

The paint:

Fabric paint in spray bottles is available in a wide variety of colours. You can also buy other fabric paint and dilute them yourself. When you dilute it don't add too much water as the paint may become more translucent than you expected. You will want to experiment with light colours on a dark surface as these can sometimes be unpredictable. Both types of spray bottles will produce a splattered effect depending on how far they are held from the surface. Between six to eight inches should be good.

If you are radically opposed to sparring the paint you can stencil with a brush. The best way is to get a round, stiff brush with short bristles (a stippling brush, available at any art store). The point that you use should be very thick. Put a small amount of paint on the end of the bristles and apply them with a sort of stabbing motion. The ends of all the bristles should contact at the same time. You will have to be careful that the layer of paint is not too thick, or it will crack. Fabric paint is the best but regular acrylic paint can be used with fabric medium. This prevents the paint from cracking when it dries.

You can also use an airbrush (costly and complicated, only invest once you have established

your stenciling skill). Or you can use spray paint, but only outdoors. You must make sure that the layer is thin and it may not be machine washable.

Fabric paint will need to be heat set. Once it is dry, use an iron on the highest setting that the fabric can handle. Iron the non-painted side for a few minutes.

There are lots of websites with information on stenciling but most of them are graffiti centred. There is some DIY information on www.stencilrevolution.com. With a little ingenuity, the information can be readily adapted.

Stencilling can be applied for all sorts of different results. Experiment, have fun, and if you have any questions please contact diy@seamippers.ca.

Seamippers is starting our new workshop semester on February 13th. For more information or schedules check www.seamippers.ca. the release party for the calendar is Saturday January 29th starting at 7pm. 436 West Pender (at Richards).

This is also the opening night for 'Self Love' the latest Seamippers craft exhibition. Some of you may even read this in time... if not come down anyways, the exhibit runs until February 16th. Call for open hours: 689-SEAM.

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Strut, Fret & Flickr

by Penelope Mulligan

THE BLACK RIDER: The Casting of the Magic Bullets

November Theatre

Tuesday 11 January

Waterfront Theatre

Arrghh... that nagging uncertainty over whether a problem lies in the piece itself or in the production. To be honest, I'm leaning toward the latter here, only because it's hard to believe that anything hot off the brain-pans of Tom Waits, William S. Burroughs and avant-garde theatre guru, Robert Wilson could be anything but stupendous. Still, I was nowhere near Hamburg when the original production opened in 1990, so have no basis for comparison—only the sense of having watched a tamed beast.

Inspired by several incarnations of an early 19th-century German folktale, *The Black Rider* is an operetta whose narrative unfolds in a carnivalesque procession of cabaret numbers. The tale is ripe with allegory and is very Faustian: In order to win the hand of a forester's daughter, a city clerk must prove himself as a hunter. Striking the proverbial deal with the devil, he learns that magic bullets come at a tragically high cost.

Edmonton's November Theatre delivered the piece with leering precision, but by about fifteen minutes in, I had to admit that I wanted to be liking it more that I actually was. There was something self-conscious and laboured about the performance, particularly in the opening scenes which were awash in strident singing, agape

mouths and tensely-flexed feet. What should have been effortlessly macabre felt perilously close to cliché.

Fortunately, the show gathered momentum as each of the marvelous songs took its place in the fable and individual performers revealed their strengths (the cast of six was usually strongest when not working ensemble). As the bullet-peddling Peg Leg, Michael Scholier Jr. was an iconic, seductive MC with a poignant limp: Clinton Carew was a powerhouse in his spoken word performance of "Crossroads"; and while Rachel Johnston was sometimes too "look-at-this" deliberate as the daughter Katchen, she had physical and vocal chops aplenty. In the role of office geek Wilhelm, Kevin Corey ended up stunning me with his drunken rendition of "Lucky Day" and an explosion of acrobatic skill.

The show's music component was killer and it came courtesy of the three onstage musicians, Liz Han, Dale Ladouceur and musical director Corinne Kessel. As "The Devil's Rubato Band", they gave accordion, bass, chapman stick, clarinet, percussion, piano and trombone a fearsome workout that would have had Mr. Waits himself growling with glee.

In the end, there were enough high points to earn my heartfelt applause, yet I still came away underwhelmed. So what the hell did I want? More reckless, tumbledown insanity, probably. This *Black Rider* needs to lose the training wheels. **D**

THE PLUGHOLE

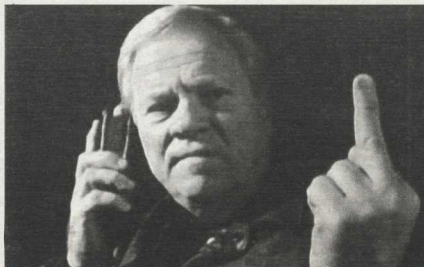
Until recently, I'd only had the pleasure of viewing one of **Dylan Cree's** films, so when the Pacific Cinematheque announced that it was devoting a whole evening to the Vancouver filmmaker's work, I played catch-up with a few video screeners and then invited him over for tea.

The most striking thing about Cree's oeuvre is that it's rude, explicit and at the same time, hilariously formalistic. He samples the conventions of transgressive cinema while taking the robust piss out of them. When I asked if he was actually somewhat attached to the very things he lampoons, he replied, "My films are constantly attempting to deal with interruptions". I took that as a yes.

It wasn't surprising to learn that he's an admirer of Pasolini and Fassbinder, who hover over some of his earlier pieces—the former in the scatological ending of 1997's *Perversions: 4 little deaths* and the latter in the hideous family dynamics of vulgar, incomplete 'n yet whole from 1999. His most recent work, 2002's *Of Pornology* (from which the evening takes its name) is a hyper-literate send-up of academics debating pornography as a legitimate field of knowledge.

According to Cree, the Cinematheque felt that his work would provide a bit of relief from "all that Swedish angst" on its current programme. Of course he's more than happy to be a palate cleanser. **Of Pornology: Films by Dylan Cree** screens Wednesday, February 23 with the filmmaker in attendance.

Speaking of Swedish angst, the films of Ingmar Bergman will continue to glower at the Cinematheque until the end of February, so do try to inhale some of their depressing magnificence. Nestled among them is a mini-festival dedicated to contemporary Swedish filmmaker **Roy Andersson**, whose *Songs from the Second Floor* is a surreal howl of socio-political distress and one of this decade's most unforgettable films so far. He also makes commercials—which are revered as art films that eviscerate the consumerist society that they're supposed to be serving. All this, plus his two other features and a pair of shorts will screen as **APOCALYPSE ad absurdum** on February 11, 12, 13, 19 & 20. Phone (604) 688-3454 or visit www.cinematheque.bc.ca for more details.



Textually Active

Books Books Books Books Books

Care of the Professional Voice
D. Garfield Davies and Anthony F. John
A&C Black/Raincoast Books

Singing and the Actor
Gillianne Kayes
A&C Black/Raincoast Books

I've decided to do a combined review for these two excellent works since they dovetail together so nicely. *Care of the Professional Voice* focuses mostly on theory and medical background information while *Singing and the Actor* takes you from theory into practice with various exercises to get the tone and quality you want out of your voice.

Care of the Professional Voice gives you all the information you need (and then some) to understand the mechanics of how sound is produced. It also gives details of various potential problems and prevention and/or treatment thereof. While its content may be primarily of interest to doctors, there is also plenty of practical advice for singers, actors and others who live off their voices. Topics covered include precautions and tips for reducing the impact of travelling on your voice; multidisciplinary management of stress and stage fright; special demands and advantages of musical theatre and popular music versus the classical world; how to match repertoire to the condition of the voice, especially as it ages and changes; dangers of overly high decibel levels in amplified music and how to protect your hearing and technique; issues of toxic chemicals in stage fog,

pyrotechnics, and other dangers your voice teacher never anticipated warning you about; and the ubiquitous problems of the voice's interactions with medications, both legal and otherwise. This is just a brief overview—this book is absolutely packed with useful, and occasionally icky, information, most of which I hope I never need worry about. [Except, of course, for the travel tips. I do hope to require those in my career.]

Singing and the Actor focuses on how to get the idealized sound you imagine you will have out of your brain and onto the stage. It covers most of the basics of vocal training, including developing range and different qualities such as twang, operatic, and belt. It also covers how best to learn songs, audition tips, and character development with the varying voice qualities. The aim is two-fold: a hands-on approach with several exercises per section so you learn by doing, and an emphasis on not just doing but feeling. Can you feel how your throat and mouth may shape themselves differently for different sounds? Can you replicate this at will so you always sound the way you intend to sound? To a beginner, this sounds insane, but if you apply Kayes' suggestions and pay attention to yourself, you will eventually pick up some of the subtle clues.

It is worth noting that while her exercises and visualizations are great, there is some controversy about her suggestion that the cricoid cartilage moves, even if you think you feel it. This has not been shown to be actual movement of the cricoid, but

may be a sensation originating in tendons and muscles surrounding it. That said, if visualizing the cricoid moving helps you get the effect you want, great. And if you have no clue what I was just talking about, get these books and find out.

Certainly, texts like these are no substitute for a qualified voice teacher, but I did find them a useful additional resource, and I have noticed huge gains in the development of my voice in terms of controllable tone and clarity since I started working with Kayes' book on my own time in addition to similar exercise my teacher was having me do during lessons. *Care of the Professional Voice* has also helped me in terms of being more aware of some of my bad habits (caffeine, late night snacks, etc.) that may have been not-so-beneficial to my voice, and therefore cleaning those up. Highly recommended in both cases.

Drake.

The Villain's Guide to Better Living
Neil Zawacki (Illustrated by Bill Brown)
Chronicle Books/Raincoast Books

Well, now here I was thinking my depraved life didn't need improving much, but I figured why not? One can always use some new tips on dungeon maintenance and finding new adoring slaves. I must say, Neil Zawacki gives some excellent tips for all aspects of a wickedly good —er, I mean bad—life. Health tips, home décor, socializing, and

conquering the working world (only as a cover in case anyone asks what you're up to, naturally). And he has such a delightfully devilish sense of humor. I simply must have him over for dinner.

I especially liked his tips for getting on with the morfs — from using a dart board to decide which ones to fire, keeping the mobs from one's lair, to mind control. All very useful indeed. Also useful were the tips for keeping those pesky pixies and fairies out of the house—they're always sneaking around in here, and I was pleased to learn that there's a better way for removing them than the old fashioned broom method (which really just spreads them around differently anyway.) Now I have my choice of making pixie shish kabobs or simply poisoning them with brewer's yeast.

And the art is lovely too. I simply must have this Bill Brown do some murals for my haunted chateau getaway in the Carpathians.

One might say this release a problem with the mass release of this volume—if it were to get into the hands of the minions, they might seek to improve their lot and move up the corporate ladder and usurp your power. Be sure to use some necromantic invisibility charm so they can't read this book, or else make sure it's thoroughly secured in the oubliette.

I am slightly suspicious how Zawacki got some of his tips, however—I suspect his spies stole my beauty secrets. (Damn pixies.) I mean, how else did they find out about the CSpan trick for getting that sickly death glow? Really.

Drake.

Locas: The Maggie and Hopey Stories
Jaime Hernandez
Fantagraphics Books

I dove into this beautiful hardcover collection completely unfamiliar with the legendary Love & Rockets comic series. Created by Jaime Hernandez and his brothers Gilbert and Mario in 1981, it ran until 1996. Locas represents the bulk of the series, but despite its impressive size, isn't a complete collection. This volume reproduces the first fifty issues of the comic, which focus on the story of a young Mexican-American woman, Maggie Chasarrillo, and her best friend/occasional lover Esperanza "Hopey" Glass. Outsiders in their own communities, the two girls find solace in the emerging California punk scene of the early eighties. The story proceeds in real time as the characters grow up together and apart.

The early installments of L&R add a heavy scoop of pulp romance and science fiction to this premise: we first meet Maggie fixing rockets deep in a dinosaur-infested jungle. Political intrigue, superheroes, and other classic comic book elements mark the first third of the book. As the story progresses, L&R settles into realistic, character-driven stories of life, love, and Mexican wrestling in Latin American neighborhoods. Surprising plot twists remain, though, and you never really know what's going to happen next. The artwork changes with the tone of the series, and one of the best parts about reading an entire series is watching this slow transformation. By final issues, Hernandez's visual style is

gorgeously classic and adept, at no expense of expression, imagination or nuance.

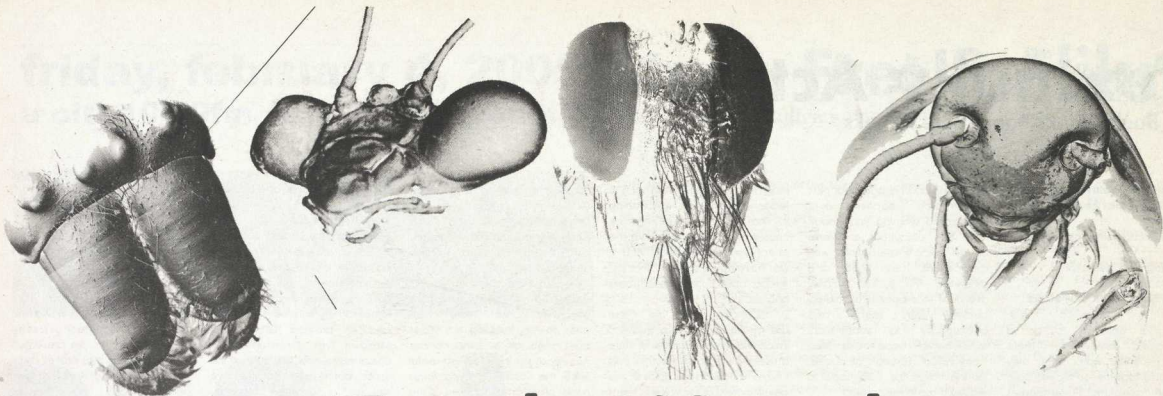
Perhaps even more striking than the artwork is the characterization. Hernandez treats his creations with love, intelligence and respect, and though the series throbs with all the conflict and heartbreak of a soap opera, the stories are presented with a deftness that makes them completely compelling. Selfhood and sexuality are treated like dynamic elements of the characters lives rather than as "issues." Hopey, Maggie, et al are fully sketched out and reassuringly three dimensional: it's rare to see female characters so realistically rendered. I have to say that the sexy drawings threw me initially—I don't have much tolerance for the traditional male-penned comic book's view of women (as it's mostly boobs). But after reading the whole series, I concluded that the abundance of curvy female flesh didn't indicate a creeping misogyny. I even came to enjoy the cartoonish sexuality of Penny Century.

Reading L&R in one fell swoop, instead of issue-by-issue, is an intense and fully enjoyable experience. Don't shy away from buying it just because you don't know the comic: I have a feeling that this is the perfect way to get to know it. By the end, you'll feel like Maggie and Hopey are new old friends. **D**

Kat Siddle



IMAGES FROM LOCAS: THE HOPEY AND MAGGIE STORIES BY JAIME HERNANDEZ



Feu de L'Arcade Arcade Fire

by Duncan McHugh

The Arcade Fire is one of those extremely hyped bands that people of a certain temperament will automatically disregard. In my humble opinion, however, this is one of the few instances in which the hype is justified. Their debut album, *Funeral*, is stellar (and Pitchfork's #1 album of the year) and their Commodore show was my favourite of last year.

The following is an abridged transcript of a conversation with Arcade Fire guitarist and percussionist Richard Reed Pary, conducted via telephone as he sat in a van, driving through Seattle, on his way to San Francisco. Some of these questions were provided by a DISCORDER Montreal music scene informant. Hopefully his contribution made this interview slightly more interesting than the Arcade Fire interviews in every single other Vancouver newspaper. Questions about Howard Bilerman, Mormonism and Merge Records had to be cut to make room for pictures of insect heads, and this excessively spaced text.

DISCORDER: How's it goin'?

Richard Reed Pary: It's goin' well.

DISCORDER: How did the Vancouver shows go? At the Commodore show, you said that it was your biggest show yet.

Richard Reed Pary: It's true; it was by a couple hundred people. The Vancouver shows were good; the Victoria show was a disaster.

It was a disaster? I thought the baby Jesus saved it.
Ha ha. Well, sort of. It by saved you mean ruined.

I think a lot of people were surprised at the incredible response to you guys, selling out the Commodore—which is quite a feat—and Mesa Luna.
Yeah, it's pretty crazy. It's surprising for us, too.

I read that you signed to Rough Trade in the UK. How did that come about?

They approached us and said they really liked the record. And the Hidden Cameras signed with them a year ago and we're kind of mutual fans of the Hidden Cameras and I know they were speaking really highly of us.

And it's pretty good cred, signing to Rough Trade.
They're nice people. So they got wind of our record and they got a copy of our record.

You joined the band in 2002.
Is that right? 2001, 2002, 2002 I guess. Maybe a little bit earlier.

You're also in the New International

Standards...

That doesn't exist anymore.

Or you used to be. And you're in, uh, Orchestres des... Sorry I don't have it written down.
[unintelligible]

What are those bands like? How did they compare to Arcade Fire?

It's quite different. It's instrumental. It's kind of chamber music meets, like, electronic music and jazz, or something like that. It's all orchestral and instruments.

Is it true there used to be a big rivalry between the New International Standards and the Arcade Fire?

[Laughing] No. We were really good friends. We use to go see each other play and then the New International Standards fell apart. And me and Tim [Kingsbury, bassist] joined the Arcade Fire and Jeremy, our new Arcade Fire drummer was in that band also.

I notice you sometimes use the name Richard Reid Pary and sometimes just Richard Pary. Have you dropped the 'Reed' because of the Shoebomber? Was that a factor?
Because of what?

Because of Richard Reid, the Shoebomber, the guy with C4 in his sneakers? You weren't worried about touring in the States or anything?

[Laughing] No, it's on my passport and everything. I guess some people don't write it or something. It's my real name; my name is Richard Reed. That's what my parents called me... People are like, 'What's your name?' and I'm like 'Richard Reed' and people are like, 'What?' 'Richard Reed' and they're like 'What?' so I'm just like, 'Richard.'

Some people have suggested that you bear a tremendous likeness to Napoleon Dynamite. Have you heard that?
Oh god. Yes.

What would be your response to someone who said: 'I caught you a delicious bass'?
I haven't seen the movie. But people just tell me that. At every show there's somebody who tells me that.

You're much, uh, better put together than Napoleon Dynamite.

[Laughing] Thank you.

You have a music degree. Do you feel your music degree is being best served by banging some a bunch of drums and yelling?

[Laughing] I didn't get, like, a music performance degree. I got a degree in electro-acoustics sound, which is, like, sound art. So, yes.

In terms of electro-acoustics, they're being well-served by banging drums and yelling.

I didn't go to school to have school tell me what to do and then go do it. I went to school to explore and learn and, it's like, through my whole schooling, still seven or eight times out of 10, my favourite music to listen to is still, like, pop bands.

Someone wanted me to ask about [ex-Arcade Fire member] Brendan's departure from the band. Apparently there was a big break-up show in which a viola was broken.

It's true.

And someone wanted to know if that was staged at all. If there was any planning or if that was raw emotion.

That was totally raw disaster.

Raw disaster. And you weren't in the band at that point were you?

Sort of. I played at that show. I wasn't performing at every show. That was when I started performing at every show actually. That was when we released the EP. I played on a bunch of the EP and then I came and performed at the CD release and at the CD release the band sort of totally fell apart. I played at all the shows after that, when there was no band left. Well, there was a band left, but it wasn't the band that it was before, it had totally fallen apart. We played a bunch of shows.

What brought you guys back together after that?

Well, it wasn't like being brought back together, it was a new band. Win and Regine were still at the helm of it, but...

So, it was a very different band that recorded the EP.
Yeah, it was different.

Yeah. What are some of the differences between the old band and the new one?

I don't know, it's more together. It was kind of a

dysfunctional community back then. It's more functional now, for sure.

So there haven't been any stage lanterns on this tour.

Will [Butler, drummer/shit disturber] dropped me on my head at the Commodore show.

Did you have a helmet on at the time?

No, I took the helmet off, I was hitting it. And then I fell onto my head on the helmet and broke the helmet.

Fuck.

It wasn't even on my damn head. Awful.

Were you okay for the rest of the night?

I was okay enough to perform. I had a huge bump and cut on my head. It really hurts right now. It sucks.

And what's next? You guys are touring and then what?

We're going to take a little bit of time off. And then my other band Les Orchestres is going to go to the Banff Centre for about a month. Then we're going to go to England, I think, and play some shows.

You guys played one new song at the Vancouver show, are there a bunch of them?

We have a few, a lot of incomplete stuff. We have two new ones we've trying out on this tour. They're not quite there.

Any plans to go back to the studio?

Yeah, but there's no date on it or anything.

Anything you'd like to say to the people of Vancouver?

Clean up your act. The city is in trouble.

What makes you say that?

I don't know, there's a lot of people on drugs.

At least you didn't get your equipment ripped off, like other bands do.

That's true.

Okay, well, I've got to get my haircut. Have a good drive.

Thanks. Take care. **D**

Blown Away by Dandi Wind

By the lovely Miss Susy Webb



It's great being among the first to write about an artist. You get to sound like you're cool and down with the scene, whether or not this is actually true. You get to interview them in person, and maybe even hang out. But most of all, you can make obvious puns with the band name before everyone else does. Such is the case with 2004 Shindig winners Dandi Wind. Hot on the heels of releasing their new EP *Bail the Traps*, I was able to indulge in all of the aforementioned perks. Dear reader, bear with me as together we ride the torrential force of... Dandi Wind! (Ahem.)

A Dandi Wind performance is an unforgettable event. Szam Findlay is dapper and reserved in a dark suit, competently manipulating his Korg and sequencer while contributing occasional back-up vocals. Physically and stylistically somewhere between Björk, PJ Harvey and Peaches, enrapturing vocalist Dandelion Schlase dances, shrieks and flails, each performance an impassioned, cathartic labor of love. Both band members come with a history in theatre, and it shows.

On record, the music holds its own even without the consummate show. Made "with a few unpopular decade old synths, a single mic and a monophonic Pentium 2 soundcard," *Bail the Traps* fuses industrial, IDM and rock, striking a satisfying balance between unpredictable rhythms and delicious melodies. Dandi's vocal style flies above it all, reminiscent of '80s new wave greats like Lene Lovich, Kath Bush or Lora Logic.

At this point in their career, Szam and Dandi are

still obliging enough to invite a humble local writer into their private digs in the north-east of Vancouver. Dressed in a one-piece '80s short-suit number, Dandi ushered me graciously into a spacious studio. I was impressed to note that her wild on-stage steez is not a stretch from her everyday loungewear. The live/work space was stuffed with their tools of one of their many trades: selling clothing on the internet. While we chatted they jumped up more than once to show me items of interest, ranging from a set of buttons about eating meat (Szam: "Here's a really cool one: It's two people with aerobics outfits on, and the guy's holding a tray. He's putting a fork of meat in her mouth! It's totally new wave."), to Dandi's current sculptures (gleefully ghoulish heads, self-contained in glass-topped wooden boxes), to Lene Lovich's 1978 record *Stateless*.

As we talked, Dandi Wind revealed an industrial aesthetic. Vancouver electronic-rock greats Skinny Puppy came up more than once, as did plans for a "Ministry-inspired" record after their upcoming full-length release. While their music strikes a balance between heavy and dance, Dandi Wind's lyrics reveal an underlying darkness. Szam told me that, "We have some songs that are political, but only in the sense of day to day life inspiring us to feel something politically." Of course, the sights and sounds of life in Vancouver's eastern harbor can be depressing. From their new EP, "O Todo o Dia," depicts the suffering of low-wage laborers, and "Ms. 45" describes a sex worker killing her clients ("Thanks for letting me fulfill

a dream / Watching you beg is such a scream / I've always wanted to use my crossbow / To kill a john like you driving by real slow.")

While Dandi Wind may be newcomers to the local live scene, they are old hands in the world of art and creativity. Szam has been playing piano and writing music since childhood. As he told me, "I've always been creative, but it's not hereditary. My parents don't even like music. They put me in piano lessons. I did ice-skating, I did swimming, and none of them had any influence on me, but I liked piano. I hated the lessons, I hate playing transcribed music, but I enjoyed making noise."

According to Dandi, "I had an alternative childhood, and worked on lots of stuff with my dad." Like her father, Dandi's first and eternal love is sculpture. While she studied at Emily Carr, Dandi created a series of elaborate sculptures to accompany Szam's music. They were photographed and included as the artwork for his 2001 release, *Die Hautfabrik*. (translation: "Skin Factory") released on UK-based Resonant Recordings.

Following the record's UK release, the BBC's Colin Butler wrote a lengthy and poetic review: "Melodies appear to be always on the edge of nightmare: as the Golem escapes the rabbi's servitude to spread fear and chaos, so does Szam Findlay's music threaten to run amok into dischord. The photographs on the CD booklet appear to capture inbred plantlife, effigies erected by superstitious peasants far from big city 'civilization', folk memories of the victims of natural but

inexplicable disasters." The album received attention from *The Wire*, *All Music Guide* and *Muzik*, but not much local coverage. While the response may have been disappointing, *Die Hautfabrik* firmly established Szam's solid musicianship.

The current EP is a teaser for the upcoming full-length, which will contain other songs recorded at the same time, as well as several videos. The film for "Another Side Effect" on *Bail the Traps* features Dandi in one of her trademark leotards stumbling through an alleyway, eventually collapsing, vomiting blood. We can only imagine what the future will hold! Other long-term plans include "an album of synth covers of Canadian pop songs, from Skinny Puppy and then more and more obscure from there." Dandi mentioned an album made with all hand-made instruments, and more collaboration with other musicians.

In the very near future, I predict tours, record sales, and many more articles about this fledgling band. I also predict that they will get very tired of articles filled with lame-ass puns ("The Dandi is Blown" in the Wind," etc.). **D**

Do yourself a favor and check out their website, www.dandwind.com, for glorious photos of Dandi and snippets of their music.

Your favorite person has potential

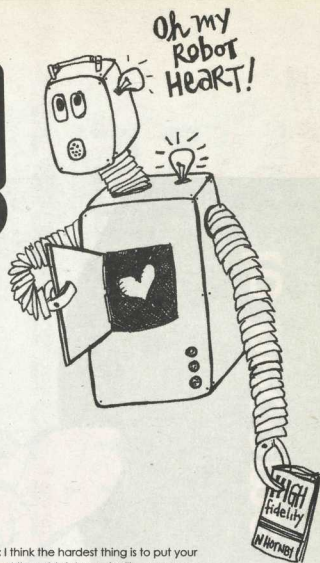


to become your least favorite person.

Donny Miller

GANGBANG!

By Ben Lai



An old DISCORDER editor, Merek, once said of Gangbang, "I quite like the idea that the best band that I ever saw in Vancouver was a band that was intended as joke (or at least a band that didn't take themselves seriously). Most unintended things normally turn out great; it's the intended things that turn to shit."

Gangbang have been the darlings of the local music press ever since their first gig at Ms. T's about two years ago, and for good reasons. No one will argue the fact that they write unbelievably funny, catchy songs, but it is an art to be able to deliver these lines on stage in a charming and non-gimmicky way. People should laugh with you, not at you. It's a fine line to tread and they succeed admirably.

One snowy Vancouver night, I spoke with the two very nice ladies of Gangbang, Andie Maddalazzo (vocals, guitar) and Sarah Campbell (drums, vocals). Be warned: while there will be no talk of excessive copulation or extreme hairstyles in the following interview, there will be a brief mention of Wil Sasso at the end.

DISCORDER: How did you get started?

Sarah: Andie and I worked together. She and Reggie started to write songs, and then I came aboard and put some beats to them. Then they added Taunya, Jen and Rory. And then we decided to slip it down and make it two.

Andie: Due to circumstances, but then we liked it. So we kept it.

Circumstances?

Sarah: Everybody went on vacation one night when we had to play a show. We wanted to do the show, so we decided to do it anyway.

Andie: We don't say no to anything.

So after the show you thought "Oh, this is way better?"

Sarah: Well, it wasn't necessarily better. [Laughs]

Andie: It wasn't much worse. It was fun. Challenging, but in a way easier, because when you don't know how to play, not having to coordinate with anyone is way better. You are your own team. **Sarah:** We can just go for it and not worry about being in tune with anybody else.

Andie: I don't even have to tune my guitar. It rules. [Laughs]

Was there any drama or resentment when you let the rest of the band go?

Andie: Not really.

Sarah: They understood. It didn't have anything to do with them, of course. It just felt right.

Andie: It kind of just kept going like that. We booked so many shows; everybody said that we were a two-piece so they were booking us as a two-piece.

I have to ask, I guess—where did the name of band come from?

Sarah: I had nothing to do with that.

Andie: Me and Taunya drank one bottle of wine each one night. She was like, "You know what would be a good name for a band? Gangbang!" and we were like, "That's awesome!"

Your album is doing really well at CITE. Who did it? What's the story?

Andie: Chris Dang [from] Depth Charge Studios ... He's so cool. We did [the album] in three hours. We were like, "Don't spend too much time on it." He did everything pretty much in an hour after that. All the mixing and producing.

Did Chris come to you?

Andie: I've known him for a while, so he offered to do it. I was giving him free haircuts for studio time, but now he shaves his head, so I should give him some money. Chris if you read this, call me and I'll give you money. [Laughs]

How many copies did you make? I see that they are CDRs; you did them on your computer?

Andie: Yeah, whenever someone wants one. People email me for them so I just burn them. We burned 50 to start. I don't have any money. I don't know how bands can afford CDs and stuff.

You mean manufactured CDs? Do you think that would make a difference if you have a "real" CD? You think people will be more willing to buy it?

Andie: No, but it wouldn't be as irritating. My computer doesn't work so I have to find people's houses all the time and burn [the CDs there]. And buy CDs from Future Shop.

Sarah: You know I have a CD burner.

Andie: Yeah, I didn't know you did until today. [All laugh]

Sarah: I haven't been doing my part.

Andie, you drew all the different covers too. I have the hockey one. What other covers are there?

Andie: There's *Ninjas with Attitude*, *Keeping it Real...* Oh, *Chuck Nuts*, a peanut driving a car, that's personally my favorite. One that people really like is the one with the mime in the front and it's called *Hard Rockin' Gentle Taktin'*.

Are you happy with how the album turned out?

Andie: I don't know about you Sarah, but hearing [my] voice on recording was disgusting. I sound like a fat prepubescent boy. I like Sarah's voice a lot though. She can sing.

Sarah: I sound like Jewel.

Andie: Like Jewel on crack. [Laughs]

What do you sound like to yourself, in your head?

Andie: I sound way hotter inside my head. Way hotter. Sexy.

Sarah: You're a sexy prepubescent boy. [Laughs]

Your songs are really funny. It is hard to come up with them?

Andie: I don't think there's a serious bone in my body.

Sarah: There isn't.

Andie: I want to be all gay and happy. I don't want to be sentimental or anything. There's already enough of that. I don't like depth and meaning, although it's not a bad thing.

Sarah: It's just not you.

It's safe to assume that none of the songs are real life stories and experiences then?

Andie: None of it. Except for the one about the robot. [Laughs] I think it'll be weird to put anything personal into it. I'd feel very uncomfortable if I did that.

Sarah: I think the hardest thing is to put your personal thoughts into music. Then everyone knows what your feelings are.

Andie: No one needs to know that. People should be there to have a good time, not feel my pain.

What's the Chinese Song about?

Andie: That's all the words I know in Chinese. My friend Alan gave me a few Chinese catchphrases, and then my friend Jermaine gave me a couple more.

What do the phrases mean?

Andie: I think Alan's was "Why are you so ugly? Why are you so horny?" and Jermaine's was "Why are you so stupid? Why do you smell so bad?" or something.

So they thought these would be useful phrases for you to use in the future?

Sarah: Really eh, who's she hanging out with?

Your songs have a fair amount of swearing in them. Have your parents heard your music? Have they been to your shows?

Sarah: My parents did. My mom liked it a lot, but I don't think she got it necessarily. She was dancing. She wasn't very happy about the name choice.

Andie: I didn't give my parents my CD ... when [my dad] heard our radio show with you he was like, "Blah, why did you have to use those kind of words?" ... As far as my dad's concerned, we don't even have a CD.

Do you have a favorite place to play?

Sarah: I really like the Railway.

Andie: I know we've had bad experiences at the Lamplighter, but we've always played good shows there.

Bad experiences? You mean the infamous Wil Sasso incident when you played with Unclean Wiener?

Andie: Well, that guy broke Sarah's ankle.

Sarah: He didn't break it, just sprained it. It wasn't Wil Sasso. It was one of his lackeys. He was unplugging the amps from Unclean Wiener, and somebody tried to plug them back in, and he started beating him up. I happened to be standing next to him. I got knocked over and got beer poured all over me. Twisted an ankle and I had to play.

What were you thinking when that stuff was happening? All those drunken idiots from Wil Sasso's posse screaming at Unclean Wiener?

Sarah: I was kind of worried about how they're going to accept us.

Andie: I got really mad. I just wanted to go up there and have them hate me. You know what I mean?

Hopefully that kind of crap doesn't ever happen again. Have you ever been heckled in any extent?

Sarah: No. We should though. D

Gangbang will be playing at the ANZA Club February 11th and the

Railway Club March 3rd.

dose one

ON ANTICON, NAIL BITING AND JUNK FOOD LYRICS

By Mike Barrow

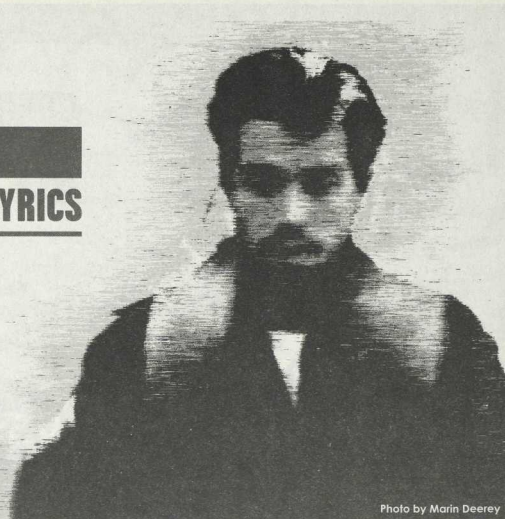


Photo by Marin Deerey

With each passing year the boundaries of hip-hop become more loosely defined. Artists have been experimenting more with the medium by incorporating different concepts that transcend the "beats, rhymes and life" aesthetic that has been the backbone of most hip-hop music for so long. The collectively owned Anticon Records has exemplified this genre-transcendent quality since its beginnings in 1998 when co-founders Sole (Tim Holland) and Dose One (Adam Drucker), after fruitlessly distributing their demos, decided to form a collective record label of their own. I had the opportunity to catch up with Adam "Dose One" Drucker (of themselves, Subtle, and Clouddead) here in Vancouver (the city he now calls home) to discuss his beats, rhymes, life, and side projects.

Disorder: Where were you living before you came to Vancouver and why did you choose Vancouver as your new place of residence?
Adam: Oakland [California]. I lived there with everybody from Anticon, pretty much. But my girlfriend of over two years is here. She was in Guelph so she moved out here and so I moved out here to be with her.

What's up with the hands and arms in the artwork for the Subtle record?
I just totally got stuck on it. I realized I've always been a body mutilator in low-key nervous child ways.

Fingernail biting?
Yea, things like that. I realized that there's something about taking the whole arm off, thoughts about willed suicide at a ripe age. Because it is about winning when you're quitting. Quitters win: quitters get rest, quitters get to fall asleep on the job. I just realized that there was something about giving the whole arm. I'd like to see myself give the whole arm in this. Instead of slitting your wrist you just keep going. you give the whole arm and finish life with one arm, strong. And you've actually spent that much of yourself on something, it seemed very relevant to me.

Subtle has remixed a track for Beck and now there are rumours about the possibility of being included on a tour with him.
It's up to him, if he wants to put us on. He really likes us: it's apparently one of his favourite remixes. We'd love to tour with him but y'know, he's on a massive label and if they want to pick us I don't know how that goes. But the remix was a blast.

Is that remix out now?
That's coming out on his release first in early spring. Then we're [Subtle] gonna put out this Plus CD with all our other mixes that are on vinyl that we are just putting out. Mike Patton did this all a cappella thing. We did an instrumental of "I Heart L.A." with Hrvatski playing guitar. "Swan Meat" is sort of the end of "A New White," the last song on the record that's not on the record—we're putting it out

as the last single. There's a remake of that that's 10 minutes long with Andrew Broder from Fog doing all the vocals and he re-wrote all my writing kind of in his own way.

That's "the long vein" remix that Patton is working on. Are you in contact with Mike Patton at all, are you guys going to try and get some more stuff happening?
Yeah. The reason I met him is that he's doing this thing called Peeping Tom and he has all these producers making sort of his adapted rap. So it's got Jel and Odd Nosdam doing beats on it and other people also. I did some vocals that Jeff [Jell] and Nosdam are doing and I did this Fresh Prince cameo verse and a couple other verses. We're gonna work together, we're very similar. A lot of what he's doing is very inspiring. Just as a person, because he was thrust out to the world and he was successful and then he made the most of it for himself and now I see where he is. So I think it's really interesting to meet someone like him.

Subtle's latest album "A New White" is out on Lex Records. Why didn't Anticon handle it?
Subtle is almost four years old now. When we started doing Subtle, Anticon didn't have the space for it and it didn't have the space for Anticon.

Would you say that Lex is bigger than Anticon?
No and yes. I don't think that it's really relative. But the funding is healthy and there're opportunities to open up different avenues that I think add to Anticon. I've enjoyed very much stacking their expenses so that they are interested in pushing the record. It's good faith and it's good music, which is the bottom line for me.

Has Lex been able to back you with more money for recording?
A little bit more, but not so much. Anticon could do the same but then I would feel like I was asking a lot because it's my collective. It's heavy. It involves me asking for a massive amount of money from a stockpile that my best friends and favourite artists all draw from.

So Anticon is totally a collective, if you are taking money from Anticon to put into recording you're reducing the amount available for someone else?
Right. And I think it should be an even and healthy distribution. Something felt healthier and more even about putting Subtle where there's room to develop. It's not an overwhelming amount of money that I'm privy to at all, but I'm really into the jump in size. If you're not going to hand me a tree that money grows on, I'd really like a little Chia Pet that I can grow. At first I thought it was just my luck, like, "I can never win at anything." There're all these elements to my personality that are still that. But then I realized it just the pace that I'm comfortable with. It's working on a lot of art all the time and then my progress with success and the world is at this buffer distance.

What about setting up an Anticon studio?
That'd be cool if we did that but it's better off that people invest personally in their home studios and then one day when you have a little bit more of a home that you own you stick a room on it and

put your home studio equipment in there. Having a home studio is a very elaborate exhibition of "I make music sometimes" unless you're scheduling time in it.

Are you ever apprehensive about lyrics? Do you ever write something and go "shit, that's a little much."
Everybody has their own way of letting in weak unfortified thoughts. Thoughts that don't have a form, that can't stand alone. You can't hit it all, when you first write it down, so you have all these lines that are in the stages of weak and in the throes of being great. The earlier stuff was a lot like that; I smell it on all the other writers out there. That's why I like or dislike any music: it's the lyrics. What really makes me love a band is good lyrics and what really quickly makes me hate a band is non-existent mumble.

You wouldn't say you're concerned with alienating listeners then?
I don't know. You kinda alienate yourself when you listen to fuckin' music that's like [sings] "in the summer when love is shining." If you see someone rockin' to that in their convertible, it's like nowadays you can honestly judge someone when they're eating at McDonald's. You look like you're full of shit, you probably feel like you're full of shit. But I also don't want to judge all these people. It's relative, it think, all that stuff.

I've heard you refer to your music as masturbatory. Is that still relevant now?
I don't know. There's a truth to that, but that's like saying it's self-indulgent. All things are. We make music selfishly, the pace of our music is dictated only by our own concerns, palates and aesthetics, and by what we know we've done before. That's a very selfish way to make music: that's why it's not under everybody's Christmas tree. It remains built in this peculiar way, it goes places that maybe you don't want to go. It's highly fashioned in that sense, and so it's totally masturbatory.

Clouddead, and themselves to a certain extent, seemed to have an affinity for odd items. Lots of blenders and ambient sound—the subtitle for "You Devil You" is "Bang on Shit till it Sounds good." How important has experimenting with sound been for those two projects and other projects in general?

Well, I'm finishing a solo record, like a Slow Death II, of all my own production and stuff... It's still very much "Bang on shit till it sounds good." It hasn't changed too much. We don't have great equipment and we have big ideas... A lot of times our best ideas come out of humour and jerking off together in the same room. Especially "You Devil You." When we did that song we were fuckin' going nuts, it sounded like shit and then Jeff [Jell] starts playing the sink to piss me off because I was trying to record something. And then all these things start sounding good and he moves a mic and we record all this great shit. It's always like that... It's a lot more human, it's a lot more eroded. **D**

Subtle's latest record A New White is out now (www.lexrecords.com). For all other things Dose One, visit www.anticon.com.

SAGE FRANCIS

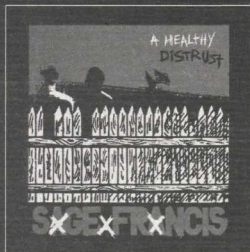
A HEALTHY DISTRUST

"We're in the hands of a master lyricist...
A distinctive raw talent is emerging." —URB

"Sage Francis may not be a household name yet, but it may
only be a matter of time." —Billboard



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MARIANAS TRENCH

By Emily Khong



photo Patrick Blaeser

Blame it on the mash-ups: where differing styles are woven together to create something familiar yet new. They're even showing up on MTV, with big time acts like Jay-Z and Linkin Park put head to head. Which leads one to ask, what if you had a mash-up between the Foo Fighters and The Beach Boys? What would that sound like? It might sound like Marianas Trench and their blend of melodic alternative vocal rock. This Vancouver band took a moment from their December recording schedule to sit down with DISCORD for a chat in their chilly downtown rehearsal space.

Though it's not technically a soda-pop, bassist/vocalist Mike Ayley says their sound is "like Pepsi but more like Pepsi Twist. It's Rock Twist." Lead vocalist/guitarist Josh Ramsay takes another approach and describes by what he would like to be known for: "It's punk rock, meets hip rock, meets tons of vocal rock like Queen and the Beach Boys." Vocal rock? It's not a term that's thrown around a lot on playlist categories these days, but then, what other band can say that they all share the same high school choirboy past?

Oh, they don't don gowns like the Polyphonic Spree to display their vocal roots, but at concerts, they've been known to treat the crowd to an a cappella ditty or a little "Good Vibrations." Josh unabashedly admits that, "at the heart of every band, there's a band dark somewhere. And I'm a band dark AND a choir boy." Once a choirboy, always a choirboy; the group continues to take voice lessons to maintain their tight harmonies. Marianas Trench invests this time and effort into their voices in the hopes that this will set them apart from the rest of the music scene.

Drummer/vocalist Ian Casselman believes that "[the vocal] sound like nothing that's out there right now." Ramsey adds that "it is all real—live, not fake, not digitally doctored—so it's got a real live, good energy."

Their first full-length album will be released this spring by 604 Records, the large indie label owned in part by Nickleback's Chad Kroeger, and home to local gloom-stars The Organ (speaking of strange musical Mash-Ups).

Though they've only recently been signed, the band isn't overly naive about the business. Josh's lyrics already reveal some frustrations with the music industry. He explains the song, "Shaketrap," and its chorus "slap you like a bitch and you take it like

a whore." He explains, "I was feeling a little bit like a sell-out and the idea was not like 'bitch' as in girl or in a hip-hop 'money on my mind, and my bitch is on my money' kind of way. It was more like I felt like a whore, 'cause I was whoring out for the industry and being somebody's bitch, more like in a prison kind of way...I dealt with it by writing that song."

But they're happy with their producer, former Matthew Good Band guitarist Dave Genn. Keyboardist/guitarist/vocalist Matt Webb can't believe that they get to work with "somebody I personally look up to and have looked up to for a long time." Josh believes that Genn's influence will help Matt Webb's playing skills "become godlike...or Genn-like anyway. [He] is really an artist-friendly producer so we're gonna sound like a band and not just cookie-cut and mechanically perfected in a computer."

There's more to the recording process experience than just turning knobs, and Ian feels that "the band has a sound right now whereas before you're always trying to find your sound." Not being rushed in the studio, Josh says the band is "taking time to get the right takes as opposed to the other school of recording that's happening now [which is] just recording on the first take and that's that and you digitally fix it all."

With the release of their first official album on the horizon, there are other "firsts" that the group is looking forward to. Josh, deadpan shared this wish: "I'm hoping to lose my virginity soon." Other definite "firsts" for the band include the filming of their music video for "Fix Me" and soon after, a national tour.

If they had it their way, Marianas Trench would have a tour that incorporated everything. Josh proclaims, "I wanna get a tour bus but not a normal one...I want it to be painted in rainbows and say, 'Reading is fun' on the side...we could give out books to people after shows and stuff, like copies of Hemingway and Steinbeck...but as a pop-up book." Talk about promotion mash-ups. Sadly, this is just initial brainstorming. At least, the long days of touring ahead shouldn't be boring. **D**

Check out www.604records.com for info on Marianas Trench's official release and tour dates.

Charts

Beginning with January "Long Vinyl"

#	Artist	Recording	Label
01	Vancouver*	s/t	Indie
02	Gangbang*	the album	Indie
03	Bella*	pretty mess	Hideout
04	Bakelite*	s/t	Sound Document
05	Philo Jack/Janek Schaffer	songs for europe	Asphodel
06	Guitar Wolf	loverock	Narnack
07	Doers*	ready set...do	Red Cat
08	Stars*	set yourself on fire	Arts and Crafts
09	Lesions on Ecstasy*	s/t	Allen8
10	The Go! Team	thunder lightning strike	Memphis Industries
11	Red Light String*	hands up finger	Sound Virus
12	The Radio Dept.	lesser matters	XL
13	Neko Case	the tigers have spoken	Mint
14	Soft Pink Truth	do you want new wave...	Tigerbeat6
15	Notekillers	the notekillers (1977-1981)	Ecstatic Peace
16	Kids These Days*	all these interruptions	White Whale
17	Hexstatic	master view	Ninja Tune
18	Dandi Wind*	ball the traps	Bongo Beat
19	Bloc Party	ap	Dim Mak

Continuing into a second column of "Long Vinyl"

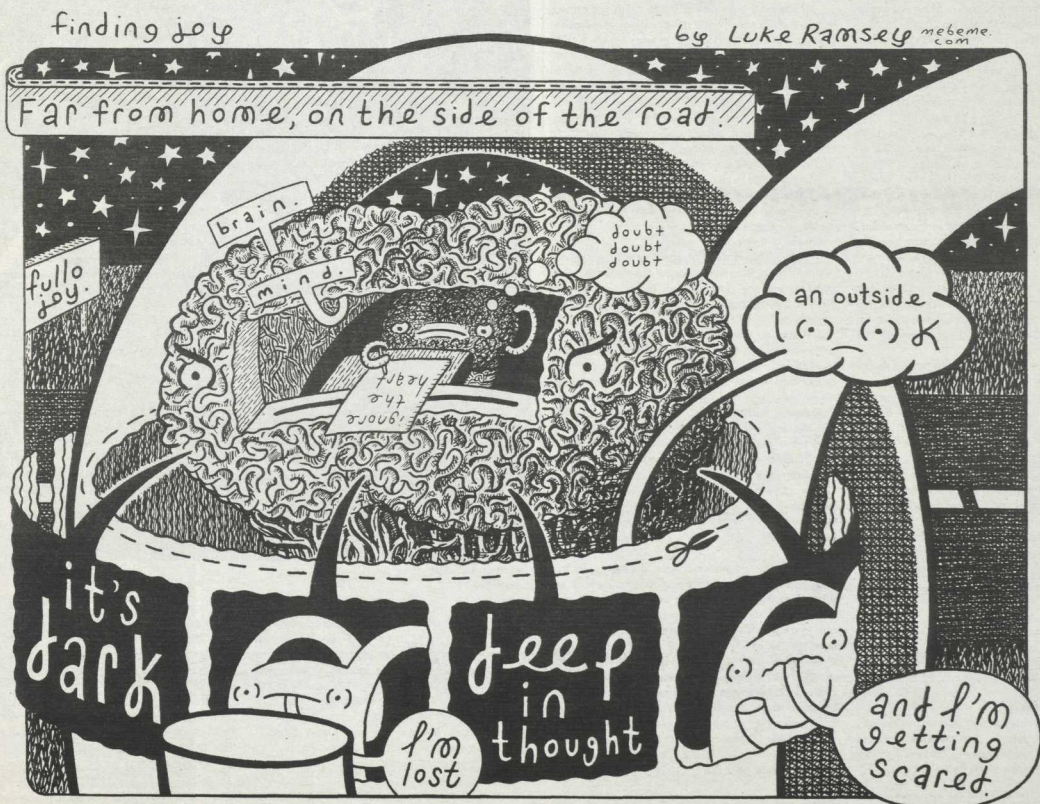
20	Negativland	hefter stupid	Seeland
21	Black Mountain*	s/t	Secretly Canadian
22	Pete Samples *	an unsent letter	VinylRepublic
23	DACM	stereotypie	Asphodel
24	Canned Hamm*	erotic thriller	Pro Am
25	Tussle	king kong	Troubleman
26	Re:*	aims	Constellation
27	R.L. Burnside	a battered mind	Fat Possum
28	The Cape May*	central city may rise again	Catch and Release
29	Junior Boys*	last exit	Domino
30	Ted Leo and the Pharmacists	shake the sheets	Lookout!
31	Connecticut*	moss	Dehousset
32	Luna	rendezvous	Jet Set
33	Three Inches of Blood*	advance and conquer	Roadrunner
34	Foat*	foliage	Cognition Audiowork
35	Elevator*	august	bluefan

* INDICATES CANADIAN CONTENT

+ INDICATES LOCAL

And Ending with January's "Indie Home Jobs"

01 Raised By Wolves EP 02 Fun 100 "Greatest Hits" 03 WPP "he has the technology"
04 Mitchell Bederman "Addicted to E" 05 Gangbang "Keepin It Real" 06 Vancouver "Demo"
07 The Tomster "Haa lah lah" 08 Joey and the Insipunks EP 09 Mandom EP 10 The Mockers EP



Hell of Shows

Live reviews, some pictures, occasionally a pseudonym?

Switchfoot

Acceptance

December 06

Croatian Cultural Centre

The glory that is known as the "all-ages" show; many people talk about it, seldom people attempt it. After a summer visit, **Switchfoot** returned to Vancouver for a sold-out show at the Croatian Cultural Centre.

Oh, the humility. Big props to anyone who can survive a sea of sweaty, hyper kids. Someone must be eating his/her vitamins or hormone-injected produce because it was hard to see past the towering heads on the floor.

Acceptance had the golden opportunity to open the show. It was fitting since they're living the teenage-angst mantra that a lot of emo-punk-rock outfits are wearing out these days. Live, the guys gave off a pretty polished sound and the majority of sounds were catchy. They had the hard guitar riffs, and the vocal styles ranging from raspy vocals to can-you-hear-me-shout? choruses. **Acceptance** even showed their softer side by playing a rock staple power ballad lead by keyboards; this prompted lighters to be whipped out and a question: how young are the kiddos smoking these days? The lead singer was pretty energetic and the drummer pounded out the tunes. The band managed to keep the attention of the crowd for their whole set. They'll be sure to be on the **Much Music** rotation faster than you can say George Strombolopogus. [sic]

And on the 6th Day, God created the concert. Okay, so He didn't, but promoters have learned that if you book a **Switchfoot** concert, they will come. The band certainly has a faithful and devoted lot of fans; no other concert could fill a parking lot with a church school bus. Not sure what to expect from a Christian rock band, the sushi waiter that served the group earlier said it best, which lead singer Jonathan Foreman shared with the audience: "Rock first". And they did.

Switchfoot opened with a bass intro and guitar pedal effects. Fit for any **Radiohead** fans, which segued into "Ammunition", a heavy rock smasher. Most of the setlist was taken from their latest release, *The Beautiful Letdown* like the slow-burning "On Fire", to older songs like the energetic "Company Car".

It was nice to see the band alter songs, especially the radio hits; the hard metal-like outro from *Beautiful Letdown* merged into a harder version of "Went to Live". "Dare You to Move" featured playing around with the vocal timing but that didn't stop fans from joining in. They debuted a few new tracks like the tamborine-happy "Easier than Love", but the songs that had the most impact during the show were the slower ones.

The highlight of the night had to be the much-requested number song, "24". Foreman appeared solo on stage with just an acoustic guitar; his only backup was a lone stage spotlight aided by cell phones display lights and lighters to light up the simple-but-moving song which the crowd lovingly sang along to.

Plain and simple: **Switchfoot** is very appreciative of their fans. They would bend over backwards to play song requests they don't normally play like the poppy **Everclear**-sounding "Like Everybody Else" during the encore. Foreman would take every chance to stand on the rails to be closer to the crowd and hold up the mic stand to amplify all the voices singing along.

By the end of the night, it was a teenage wasteland of happy souls, ready to take on a brand new (school) day.

Emily Khong

Jimmy Eat World

Smooch

December 07

Commodore Ballroom

The only thing that could have toppled the crowd's excitement over **Jimmy Eat World's** sold-out appearance at the Commodore tonight was if school got cancelled for the rest of the year.

No one seemed to know who the opening act was. When two young girls, barely 12-years old, walked onto the stage to take their respective places behind the drumkit and keyboard, it looked as if they had taken a wrong turn on their way to the mall. It wasn't until the duo began playing that we learned what **Smooch** was. They had a mature sound, taking cues from quick '80s New Wave dance tunes. The drummer seemed to use the same drumming for more than one song through, which got tiring real fast. The vocalist's thin voice wailed over her manic keyboard playing. The only times where the group's sound became childish was during the pseudo-rap numbers, but that didn't stop the audience from happily singing along to their choruses of "yo, yo". The girls were given a lot of support, ending with cheers for an encore. Here's proof that not everyone gets up listening to **Britney**.

The kids are alright. All the pent-up energy (and fake Ds) was reserved for **Jimmy Eat World's** arrival. As soon as the band came on, they wasted no time and tore into "Bleed American"; it was no talk, just rock. There was just a little chit-chat in between songs and quips of songs like "Beautiful People" were thrown in for fun. The band got through almost 20 songs, featuring mostly tracks off of their latest release, *Futures*. One of the night's finest moments was the title track; its crowd-friendly chorus and catchy melody was hard to beat. Vocalist/guitarist Jim Adkins was the ying to vocalist/guitarist, Tom Linton's yang. While Adkins was drenched in sweat from frantic playing, Linton was perfectly cool, standing his ground.

It seemed like nothing could calm this crowd down. The band changed the pace with the crowd-pleaser, "For Me This is Heaven", playing a more rockin' version but keeping the bittersweet lyrics of "Do you still feel the butterflies?" intact. These teenage anthems had massive live sing-alongs that rivaled the **Death Cab for Cutie** crowd. Other highlights included the slow, moody "Polaris" and "Get it Faster". The latter had a great spacey reverb guitar intro, followed by pounding guitars and spitting vocals. Major moshing and crowd surfing ensued. Kudos to the dude who rushed the stage to hit the drum kit cymbal, then tried to escape security by diving back onto the floor, to un-open arms. That scene was taken right out of a movie, complete with the pause of silence and the singer saying "he's alright".

The band was in the holiday spirit of giving because they gave out treats like the hit single, "The Middle", and the appropriately timed "Last Xmas" but without the campy sound. They touched upon some older material like "If You Don't, Don't I" and "Sky Harbour". After chants of "Jimmy", they played a wicked 2-song encore of opposites: "Pain" and "Sweetness". The harsh dueling guitar riffs of "Pain" demonstrated how strong their new material is live. "Sweetness" was oh-so-sweet with Zach Lind's mad drumming feeding off of the deafening crowd. The fire-laden floor got a massive workout. There must have been some good girls and boys at the Commodore 'cause Christmas came early.

Emily Khong

Swayzak

Matthew Dear

December 08

Sonar

I haven't been to a show in a while. Ask me six months ago, and I could have told you about a number of shows I would have seen on any given week. My absenteeism from the Vancouver live music scene is due to many not-worth-mentioning factors, the most significant of which is that **post New Forms Festival**, there hasn't been too many significant electronic shows to see. To be honest, the last two electronically-incited shows I saw in 2004—**Books on Tape**, and yes, **Swayzak**—both landed in the shoulda-stayed-home-and-contemplated-my-navel category (although the live art of **Oto J. Millman's** at the Books on Tape show was definitely noteworthy). But I'm supposed to write about **Swayzak**, aren't I?

The date was December 8th, and as far as I was concerned, the bill was a double line-up with minimal techno darling **Matthew Dear**. For me, the venue, Sonar, was a bad omen to begin with. If you've never been to this bastion for suburban kids and (on this particular night) place for aging electrona-hipsters, then you're in for a night crapper to say the least. Imagine a place with the maze-like feeling of an Escher painting where you end up walking around looking for but never actually seeing the people you came to the gig with until the night has finished, and you have the not-so-pretty picture of one of Vancouver's "premier" bars. Determined to have a gay old time despite the venue, the night started off well. In case you didn't know, **Matthew Dear** is riding high on critical acclaim, not to mention being the darling of one of North America's hottest electronic labels, **Ghostly International**. Basically, I think Warp records if they didn't get crappy post-millennium and you have **Ghostly**. **Matthew's** set was as expected: a nice mix of minimal techno with electro elements thrown in for good measure. If **Matthew** decided to

give the Swayzak clan the middle finger and worked the Techniques all night, I would have bought the man a drink or five. Unfortunately, **Matthew** was finished all too soon.

Swayzak are one of those groups who have achieved legendary status but perhaps need to throw in the sampler. With their genre-mutating (techno, dub, micro-house, etc.) critically-acclaimed studio albums and multiple 12's under their belt, they seem to have run out of ideas. Still riding high after their 3rd full-length *Dirty Dancing*, their latest *Loops from Bergerie* is, frankly, flat and not representative of the masterful production that the Swayzak duo of James Taylor and David Brown have come to be known for. Boasting of a live band performance equaled by no other electronic act (who make the jump from geeks in the studio turning knobs to a full-live band) my expectations were sadly unrealized.

When the quartet that is the touring Swayzak took the stage, the half-lit Sonar seemed ready for greatness. What was got was something different. A few songs in, I quickly realized that this wasn't the



Jonathan Richman
December 11
Richards

PHOTO MICHELLE MAYNE

Three days after this show I had my parents over for dinner and put some of his mp3's on the playlist. It ruined my night. I couldn't hold a decent conversation, I'd be in the middle of discussing BC politics or What I Am Doing With My Life or life insurance or something, when I'd trail off and be "and then when he played this song he did this little dance..." Because he was always doing a little dance, just shaking his hips and moving his feet so much that sometimes he wasn't even near the

microphone. This is a lapse which I normally would have giped about and been all "The music was okay, but it bothered that he didn't sing into the microphone," because I was the captain of my Intramural hatin' team.

This time though, He was so thoroughly charming—I've never met someone so charming—that I didn't care a whit whether he sang into the microphone or not. I was totally sucked in.

Graeme Worthy

Swayzak on the records. All my posturing about how a full band can often flesh out synthetic sounds live was lost on the friends I dragged along. There was a drummer, but I couldn't hear any of what he was doing due to the drum machine drive on almost all the tracks, coupled with the simply retched sound quality of the room. This was unfortunate since the man on the skins really looked like he was enjoying himself. Maybe having a mixer as the focal point for a live performance isn't the best thing for sound despite its uniqueness.

The highlight of the night was the band's nod to electro-clash, "In the Car Crash" (which is a local favorite due to Vancouver's own March 21 having worked on the track with the Swayzak boys), which was thumping, but

somehow they managed to shift on this solitary gem through vocals sounding like "Born Slippy" era Underworld, not to mention playing the song fucking twice over the course of the night! I doesn't matter how much Ecstasy or overpriced Stella the crowd had consumed, not even low rent one hit wonders try to play the same song twice live. I tried to give Swayzak as much of a chance as I could, but in the end, their anthem of "In the Car Crash" was too much of an analogy for the show in general.

Robert Robot

Arcade Fire
December 12
Commodore Ballroom

My Introduction to The
Arcade Fire came through a
webcomic called **Questionable**

Content: the author put up a comic about how, at their live shows, one of their members' entire function was to bang a large drum, dance around, and rock out at appropriate moments. His name is Will. He did exactly that, and he did it very well. Also there was Richard, who looked a bit like **Napoleon Dynamite**, had bells attached to one leg and played all sorts of instruments. The two of them fed off the crowd, the music, and each other to produce spontaneous displays of energy and emotion, sometimes with one wrapping the other in a towel while the one being wrapped plays a guitar, sometimes playfighting between songs, or dancing with Sarah, the guest violinist

During "Neighbourhood #2 (Laika)", they donned motorcycle helmets, grabbed drumsticks, and

made noise off of any hard surface, including the plastic cow taped to the kick drum, the proscenium, the motorcycle helmets, each other, the glockenspiel on stage, and ending with Richard perched atop a chair drumming his sticks off each other while Will looked around, then tackled Richard, crashing down to the floor, where they wrestled for a bit before slumping, drained from the exertions and the emotional content of their performance. Moments afterward, they rose, embraced, and prepared to launch into the next piece. And this was the second song.

They followed it up with a pair from their earlier EP, before leading into a new song and then the mostly-French "Halt!". The band infused their songs with life, both by virtue of simply being

there and pure musicianship, and despite their claims to have "never really toured before", the band knew how to get and keep a crowd moving. "Une Annee Sans Lumiere" provided a breather before "Neighbourhood #3 (Power Out)" segued into "Rebellion (Lies)", and the normally stonefaced Vancouver hipster crowd became a sea of bobbing heads and twisting bodies, abandoning themselves to the emotionally charged music and mirroring the actions of the band, who, despite looking like they were going to pass out at any moment, powered through, taking a well deserved rest before "Neighbourhood #4 (7 Kettles)".

The show closed with the energetic "Crown of Love" and "Neighbourhood #1 (Tunnels)"

which featured the crowd singing to the band, and Will wrapping Richard's head in a towel before simply collapsing.

Hampered by a midnight curfew, the encore almost didn't happen; luckily, the band waited patiently for the filler music to stop, dancing to it while they waited, before surprising us all with a cover of the **Talking Heads'** "Naive Melody". Another round of applause and trepidation went by before the band assumed their positions for "In The Backseat", the last song on the album and a fitting, cathartic closer to an emotional show. After the concert, I walked out of the Commodore; sweaty, hoarse, exhausted, and wearing a ridiculous grin. I wasn't alone in doing so. ■

Gerald Deo

VANCOUVER

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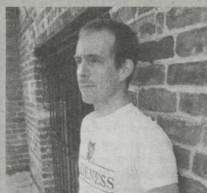
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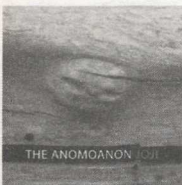
February 12
Luna
Midnight Movies
Richard's on Richards

Hell of Albums!

Two whole pages of reviews, some intelligent and articulate, some not. You get to decide which is which.

Oh man, alphabetical order is so great! If it weren't for alphabetical order we wouldn't know that potatoes come before Plato or that a C+ in organic chem isn't so stellar after all...and how would you ever know who to sit next to during graduation! The horror! Here are the albums reviewed this month, in alphabetical order, for clarity and convenience.

The Anomoanon
Balacade and The Sunbeam Tigers
Black Mountain
Cursed
Dandi Wind
John Frusciante and Josh Klinghoffer
Ghastly
Hood
Shuyler Jansen
Lee Livingston
Maps of the Night Sky
Roses are Red
Yahinbe Brothers
James Yorkston and the Athletics



The Anomoanon Joli

(Temporary Residence)
The Anomoanon's second offering of 2004, *Joli* is a decent enough album in the tradition of Neil Young, CSNY, and the Grateful Dead, etc. etc. Not that it's a straight copy or anything, but the heavy influence is there, no mistake about it. This isn't necessarily a bad thing, mind you: it's when Ned Oldham and Co. wear their influences on their sleeves that they shine most on this record. Songs like "Mr. Train" or "Green Sea", with their multiple-part harmonies and jangly guitar, could make me smell the country air in the middle of downtown Toronto. It's a good thing too, because the trod-through-thud of the opening song "Down and Brown" damn near ruins the record right from the get-go. Thankfully, the next four songs form the core of the album, and save it from what I thought would be certain doom. So be patient, OK?

Speaking of patience, the following two tracks, "Wedding Love" and "Nowhere," take a tad too long past the "OK, I get it" point. This is a minor complaint, though, about these otherwise solid songs. The last song, "Bird Child" closes the album on an upbeat note, in contrast to the brooding way the record begins, much to my liking. *Joli*, while not a masterpiece, is a perfectly capable bluesy roots-rock record that will probably make its way

into the car stereo during a drive on a country highway, but to be honest, probably not as often into my stereo at home.

Robert Feldman

Balacade (And The Sunbeam Tigers)

The Sunbeam Tigers (The Deer Records)

The Sunbeam Tigers take this Vancouver artist from his acoustic guitar-based, Eliot Smith-like beginnings into a more experimental phase in his recording career. Both organ and drum parts are integrated much more effectively in this, Balacade's, (correct us if we're wrong) fifth release to date, *The Sunbeam Tigers* join Balacade (usually a solo flyer) on more tracks than have ever previously been recorded as group projects. The record's cover is reflective of its inner musings, taking on a lighter, more peaceful tone than Balacade's previous offspring; his youngest child promises to be a congenial one. The frustration present in earlier releases has subsided as he and The Sunbeam Tigers take on a more introspective tone; contemplation winds its way through all 12 diverse and melodic tracks. This record is something we'd never be ashamed to say we'd listened to countless times on repeat (unlike, say, "Drop it Like it's Hot"). This stellar EP belongs in the CD players of people like us; of coastline highway drivers, of sunny day bus passengers, and people who contemplate their navel all too often.

Marin and Phelps

Black Mountain s/i

(Scratch)

Finally! After first experiencing *Jerk With a Bomb*, then *The Pink Mountaintops*, we are all blessed with the wonder that is Black Mountain. **Stephen McBean** is the

voice behind all of the action, and while there are similarities in all three bands, Black Mountain's self-titled album is an enthrall on its own. Sprawling '60s and '70s nostalgia may openly display some of the band's influences (*Led Zeppelin*, *The Velvet*



Underground), but there is still something new and fresh in their song structures. Typical chorus-verse-chorus songs are given new life by blending sounds overlap one another. Guitars coolest with horns, and vintage pianos; and **Amber Webber's** soft vocals float perfectly overtop McBean's bluesy delivery. The buzz surrounding this band is huge, and my guess is this is going to be the west coast's answer to Montreal's Arcade Fire to make sure to pick up this local debut before they get signed to Warner records and totally change their sound (a la *Hot Hot Heat*).

Chris Walters

Cursed Two

(Goodfellow Records)



A BRIEF RECAPITULATION OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS:

Police are called to the scene of a "domestic disturbance" where witnesses were said to have heard "ungodly screams, followed by deafening roars like nothing I've ever experienced." Upon entering the house in question, officers found a man splayed on the floor, arms akimbo, almost as if he were shielding himself from some impending blow, blood trickling from his right ear. With no signs of forced entry and no visible weapon in sight, the officers were drawn toward the bedroom where what sounded like the apocalypse was emanating from behind the partially unheated, paint-chipped door. Scouring the room for evidence of a struggle, the officers spied a CD cover

from the band Cursed displayed on the stereo, with a demonic visage paralyzing the officers' gaze for a brief moment, but as they passed over it, it was already too late. As the eruption of guitars roaring, drums pounding and bass rumbling in an unparalleled fury swept over the room with a metallic vengeance, there was no escape. The officers barely made it out with their sanity intact, and the coroner was later quoted as saying, "A suicide note set to music was what killed this tortured soul." Soon after, other reports of Cursed and their destructive impulse had been reported in cities across the country. Scientists, intelligentsia and other pundits were calling it an "...epidemic where no one is safe. God help us all."

Bryce Dunn

[This review was found scrawled on the walls of his office, in blood. Bryce has not been seen for several weeks. If you know of his whereabouts, please contact DISORDER Magazine.]

Dandi Wind Bait the Traps (Sogobeat)



Dandi Wind is the work of two very dedicated pioneers, who are bending the rules and embracing not only music, but art as well. **Dandi Wind** are changing the way people should view music—that's right, I said view music. Sometimes there are albums that give you a visual experience as you listen to it, and that's what *Bait the Traps* does. Thick synthesized beats sit atop even more artificial instrumentation that is fitted to a rough vocal delivery that makes your hips shake. Instantly, **Dandi Wind** wants to persuade you to dance, they want you to get off your ass and move: not just hear the music, but feel it and see it. **Dandi Wind's** debut is a wonderful step in an artistic direction, blending music and performance art into one beautiful listening experience.

Chris Walters

John Frusciante/ Josh Klinghoffer A Sphere in the Heart of Silence

(Record Collection)

One of my friends whose taste in music I share and trust continually

insists that John Frusciante is not a genius, an artist whose recognition and respect. Thinking back to my earlier all-rock days of listening to the **Red Hot Chili Peppers**, I realized that the idea of revisiting these moments didn't necessarily sound appealing. There were, however, two factors that pushed me to give *Sphere* a chance. First, John Frusciante is one of the most prolific artists out there today, this being something like his sixth album of 2004. Secondly, Frusciante was chosen by **Vincent Gallo** to write the soundtrack for



Gallo's latest romantic comedy, **The Brown Bunny** (and even though Gallo didn't end up using any of the songs, that's still an honour, right?) Keeping in mind that *Sphere* isn't just Frusciante on his own, but also features the electronic artist Josh Klinghoffer, I approached the album with a bit of caution (oh, and I also tried to forget the comment that *Sphere* was Frusciante's **Kid A**). Though I would like to see more experimentation still (beyond the pretty standard electro-beats offered), Frusciante's strength is prevalent in his own individual and recognizable style. This isn't the most intellectually challenging rock/electronic album out there, but it's not weak either, and there's a lot of variety for such a prolific composer. While it's still commercial enough sounding to attract adventurous RHCP fans, *Sphere* is also just strange enough to raise some other eyebrows as well.

Soren Bros.

Ghastly Before the Night's Around Me (Bluefog)

Unfortunately, I'm not familiar with **The Deadly Snakes**, and I'm not familiar with **Andre Ethier's** solo work, so please don't ask me for any comparisons. As far as **Snakes' bassist Chad Ross'** side project *Ghastly* is concerned, though, I can point y'all in the right direction. Right off the bat, it's hard not to feel cheated by the noisy, pointless jam ethic in effect, which is probably fun to participate in, but meaningless as far as an audience is concerned. On the second listen, I noticed that the first song is about a captain who fell off his ship, drowned, and washed ashore, and I realized that

maybe there was some promise hidden here. On the third listen I dawned that I was listening to a



less fun *Sadies* coupled with a less interesting **Red House Painters**. Well, *Before* isn't a total loss—the instrumental moments are great, and the song about the captain that drowns and washes ashore is entertaining (for the lyrics alone), but there just isn't enough heart or variety to pull it all together into anything greater.

Soren Bros.

Hood Outside Closer (Domino)

The orthodox and banal way to start this review would be to describe Hood's new album as "the much anticipated follow-up" to *Cold House*, but artists do not always lay some clear, linear progression in the course of their life. That notion of assembling one's oeuvre piece by piece, from humble beginnings, pathetic and uninspired in someone's garage until you hone your skills, perfect your individual style—to put it lightly, it's a crock of shit. [That's because a artist's first album is always their best. The ability to produce two or more albums makes you a sellout. Seriously. -Ed.]

If you want evidence of this, just look at *Outside Closer*. This latest release by the Leeds-based musicians known collectively as Hood does a great deal of what their audience has come to expect. Dub-like grimy reverb blends a hushed British accent into the background of swirling pedal distortion; the drum kit relentlessly rides and crashes while soft atonal horns, gentle guitar picking, and the occasional accordion embellish the songs rather than construct them. It doesn't sound like much, but for me it's enough.

But it looks like Hood had set their sights a little higher this time around. In the promo for this release, glaring emphasis is placed on the homage that Hood would pay to their much beloved and revered fellow artist, **Scott Herren**. And certainly laptop-style electronic noodling has been characteristic of Hood ever since their 1991 conception, so why shouldn't they update their sound a bit and incorporate a few new

elements into the scheme?

One rationale comes to mind. There's a reason why Hood is most often described as a lo-fi outfit—it's not due to their technical mastery over studio equipment, I can tell you that much. Whereas Scott Herren and Montreal's Akufen both seem to possess some intrinsic aptitude for translating William Burroughs' concept of cut-up into its rich and innovative musical manifestation, Hood's attempts are more reminiscent of early *Joan of Arc's* bedroom studio masturbations.

Fortunately, this is just a minor stain on an otherwise solid recording, but if you believe in linear progressions then Hood is one band that, if you can pardon the cliché, has already passed their prime.

Benjamin Ralston

Shuyler Jansen Hobotran (Black Hen)

What would *Granddaddy* sound like if they were from Edmonton and listened to the *Corb Lund* band? Well, one listen to *Hobotran* would at the very least be a start. From the beginning, it becomes evident that even though this is Shuyler Jansen's debut solo album, he isn't new to the scene. As the lead man of Edmonton's *Old Reliable*, Jansen has also played with enough big name acts (*Gord Downie*, *Calexico*, *Tegan and Sara*, and *Green Day* just to name a few) that it's almost a wonder that his name isn't better known already. Even though his allegiance is closer to the all-country than it is to the electronic, *Hobotran* walks the electro-country line in a stately manner, fusing out walking-pace songs with synths galore. *Hobotran* isn't the most immediate album (outside of perhaps the first two songs, *Whispering Boy* and *Wine your Will*), but it's the best thing I've ever heard to come out of Edmonton, and its many subdued moments hint at something greater than just a few listeners' offerings.

Soren Bros.

Lee Livingston Morning@Sweetlife (Short & Sweetie Music)

For months I've been noticing the mysterious double EP by Lee Livingston, but knowing nothing about her I always opted for something more familiar. Luckily, I finally took a chance on the bass player for local Vancouver artists *The Radio*, and I'm not just impressed by the results, I'm astounded. How come nobody's heard of her? It's one of those crazy mysteries of life maybe, and these CDs are a perfect example

to prove wrong those critics who still feel as though any musician who's worth listening to has a healthy hype to boot. I mean, seriously. Each CD is four tracks, presumably with *Morning* to be played before *Afterlife*. *Morning* spans styles from deceptively simple acoustic and all-country to a rocking experimental melodrama reminiscent of *Blonde Redhead*. Both *Morning* and *Afterlife* share a dark current that feels like a hand gently tugging the listener downwards, though *Morning* has a sense of peace and happiness that distinguishes it from its sister album. Both also share a wonderfully rough level of production that only emphasizes the quality of the songwriting. I don't know where this album came from, or what it's supposed to mean, but I know that without it my new year may have already been much rougher.

Soren Bros.

Maps of the Night Sky Twilighters EP (Locust Mount?)

Emokids at their finest, *Maps of the Night Sky's* new record puts the likes of *Matchbook Romance* to shame with a sophisticated and refined take on the genre that was driven to infamy by its incessant acoustic power chords and whiney tortured middle class kids. The *Twilighters* EP, a melodic, beat driven band of piano based... what I hesitate to call "emo" for fear of invoking prejudice of the readership, is taking this whole "emo" business in a simpler, melodic direction. Both naturally and possibly intentionally following the vocal stylings of *Isaac Brock* (*Modest Mouse*), *Ray Cammaro's* melodies come off as raw and emotionally driven. Further, Cammaro's voice and piano contrast well with his methodical guitar and accordion harmony reinforcement, provided by *Jared Ozuk*. *Maps of the Night Sky* are something that should grace the stages of *The Red Room/Drink*, and *The Brickyard*, as opposed to those larger and more bustling locations of *Richard's*, or *The Commodore*, and yet I can see their crowd being equally as moved as the audience was at *The Paint's* most recent Vancouver show (though in a mellower, more emotional way). The *Twilighters* EP, while not something I could see perfecting my indie kid strut to, is made for long bus rides, rainy afternoons, for dark nights staring at your bedroom ceiling.

Mare-in

Roses are Red Conversations

(Trustkill)

Roses are Red seems like one of the more melodic acts on the



Trustkill label, which is a definite positive for someone so unsure of how deep into this hardcore pool she should dip her little foot. More punk than the rest of Trustkill's releases, *Roses are Red* are a band I can easily equate with folks like *ARI, Yellowcard* and *Funeral for a Friend*: melodic and harmonious vocals are applied to energetic and drum/powerchord-driven instrumentals. Vocals and instrumentals aside, their *Alexisandre*-like lyrical stylings, both in content and delivery, left me pleasantly surprised rather than disappointed to be listening to "just another punky hardcore act." My only hesitation in my praise of this album would be that these guys may be having their own set of "13 Conversations about One Thing" and may need to look to subjects other than "love and all its many forms" for their lyrical inspiration. To call them emorec seems so degrading (we all know my feelings on emo's bad rap these days), yet they seem to fit well into that category. I'm not afraid to admit, however, that sometimes, just sometimes, someone needs more than just a good cry. A good scream can help too.

Mare-in

Yohimbe Brothers The Tao of Yo (Thirsty Ear)

Let's pretend that the Yohimbe Brothers are making music in a cultural vacuum where no one remembers *Vernon Reid's* work with *Living Color* and the world has yet to discover *DJ Logic*, who has appeared on albums all over the musical map (including works by *DJ Spooky*, *Vitamin C*, and the terribly *Phish*-esque *String Cheese Incident*). All formal aspects of the songwriting are solid and in the execution Reid's guitar work is consistently tight while *Logic* maintains interesting, if not innovative, work on the turntables. But does this make it worth listening to? With or without context, half the tracks on this album are just plain good, with the duo throwing the weight of their abilities into some finely crafted instrumental work. "Shape 4" and "Shape 1" present a blend

of tap dancing and impromptu steel string that might feel more comfortable on a compilation disc with *Jack Rose* and *Steffan Basho* than it does matched up with classically-themed rap music and occasional metal riffage. "Overcoming," on the other hand, blends steel string arpeggios, muddy beats, skronking electric guitar masturbation and some old-fashioned turntablist quirks without sounding the least bit tite. As for the acoustic/hip-hop fusion of "30 Spokes" and the sample-phobic outro track, "Perfect Traveler (Tourist Europe)," even they furnish enough interest and instrumental dialogue to be considered something far beyond simple filler. Yet the album's gift rests equally on vocal tracks, particularly blends of heavy rock guitar and politically charged rap; thus we return to the album's real context. When



I say that the Yohimbe Brothers blend heavy metal guitar and wild beats beneath aggressive rhyme schemes, don't think of *Old Dominion* or *D5tek*, instead recognize the fact that these are musicians more accustomed to attending the Grammys than being picked apart by Pitchfork Media. Still, if this is where "mainstream" is headed then the distinction is soon to be obsolete.

Ben R.

James Yorkston and The Athletes Just Beyond the River (Domino)

James Yorkston and The Athletes

is a Scottish band, backed by a label with an impressive line up. If that doesn't inspire confidence, *Just Beyond the River* is also produced by Kieran Hebden (AKA Four Tet) and preceded by the acclaimed debut, *Moving Up Country*. However, *Just Beyond the River* doesn't reach beyond okay: Yorkston's soft falsetto vocals and instrumentation are peaceful and pleasant but really offer no substance or progression. Each

milky song begins to blend into one another as time passes, and simple strummings become banal and stale. Yorkston's brand of musings lack the colourful viewpoint found in the work of label mate *Bonnie Prince Billy*, or *M Ward*. I'm a big fan of folk, but the greatness of the genre is found in the innovation that keeps it vital; an innovation that keeps it album sadly lacks.

Ebony

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Hell of Radio Shows!

A CiTR Program Guide

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SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC

9:00AM-12:00PM

All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

12:00PM-3:00PM

Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE alt.

3:00PM-5:00PM

Real cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

AFROBEAT

3:00PM-5:00PM

In two hours, I take the listener for a spin—musically—around the world: my passion is African music and music from the Diaspora.

Afrobeat is where you can catch up on the latest in the "World Music" scene and reminisce on the classic collections. Don't miss it.

<uget_afrobeat@yahoo.com>

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt.

5:00PM-6:00PM

British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt.

5:00PM-6:00PM

International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.). 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM

6:00PM-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA

8:00PM-10:00PM

RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

TRANCEDANCE

10:00PM-12:00AM

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.

<trancedance@hotmail.com>

ELECTRONIC SPECTRUM

12:00AM-3:00AM

FILM-IN

3:00PM-6:00AM

MONDAY

FILM-IN

6:00AM-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

8:00AM-11:00AM

Your favourite brown-stars, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...

11:00AM-12:00PM

ALT. RADIO

12:00PM-1:00PM

Hosted by David B.

PARTS UNKNOWN

1:00PM-3:00PM

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

SANDBOX THEATRE

3:00PM-4:00PM

A show of radio drama orchestrated and hosted by UBC students, featuring independent works from local, national, and international theatre groups. We

welcome your involvement.

<sanboxtheatre@hotmail.com>

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS

4:00PM-5:00PM

A chance for new CiTR DJs to flex their musical muscles.

Surprise galore.

THE FLIPSIDE

5:00PM-6:00PM

Join me - Dallas Brodie - for stimulating talk radio

about local, national and international issues.

SON OF NITE DREAMS alt.

6:00PM-7:30PM

SOLARIZATION alt.

6:00PM-7:30PM

MY ASS alt.

6:30PM-7:30PM

Phelps, Albin, 'n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO

7:00PM-9:00PM

Listen to Jazz Kristabelle for your reggae education.

THE SELECT SHOW

9:00PM-12:00AM

Vancouver's longest running prime-time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy, Gavin Walker. Features at 11:00, as listed.

Feb. 7: Modern jazz Pioneer Bud Powell on piano with Oscar Pettiford on bass and Kenny Clarke on drums. "The Three Bosses" who play their set and then become the rhythm section for "The father of the tenor saxophone," Coleman Hawkins. Recorded at the Essen Jazz festival in 1960. Nothing less than great!

Feb. 14: As this was pre-empted on January 17 by a special on CiTR, tonight's the night for the famous Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall concert of 1938. B.G.'s trio, quartet, and big band and much more in a concert that changed jazz forever. This special feature will begin at 10:00pm.

Feb. 21: One of the most important present day bands. Pianist supreme, Keith Jarrett with bassist Gary Peacock and the always creative Jack DeJohnette on drums in their latest recording called "The out-of-towners". No More Need be said about this great trio.

Feb. 28: Legendary guitarist Wes Montgomery ("The Thumb") recorded in concert in Paris with his working group. At this time was making more commercial recordings but in person was still playing hard-driving, swinging, real jazz like tonight's concert.

VENGEANCE IS MINE

12:00AM-3:00AM

All the best of the world of punk rock has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn. Hosted by Trevor.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAIVES

3:00AM-6:30AM

DJ Christopher Schmidt also hosts Organix at Club 23 (23 West Cordova) every Friday.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6:30AM-8:00AM

Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Love Andrea" Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES alt.

8:00AM-9:30AM

SWEET 'N HOT

8:00AM-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM

9:30AM-11:30AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll Deader than the most dangerous criminal!

<borninsydne@hotmail.com>

LIVE HERE, WORK EVERYWHERE. alt.

11:30AM-12:00PM

CJLY - Kootenay Co-op Radio profiles 30 creative enterprises in Nelson with markets and clients worldwide.

MORNING AFTER SHOW alt.

11:30AM-12:30PM

REEL TO REAL alt.

12:30PM-1:00PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

ENGAGING THE WORD alt.

1:00PM-2:00PM

Canadian authors, fiction writers and novelists interviewed by James O'Hearn.

BEATUP RONIN

12:00PM-2:00PM

Where dead samurai can program music.

CIRCUIT TRACING

2:00PM-3:30PM

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE alt.

3:30PM-4:30PM

«En Avant la musique!» se concentre sur le mélange des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

TANSI KIYAW alt.

3:30PM-4:30PM

Tansi kiyaw? Is Michif-Cree (one of the Metis languages) for "Hello, How are you?" and is a monthly Indigenous music and spoken word show. Hosted by June Scudeler (for those who know me from other shows I'm Metis!), the show will feature music and spoken word as well as events and news from Indian country and special guests. Contact me at jscudeler@ucalgary.ca with news, even listings and ideas. Megwetch!

FIL-IN

4:30PM-5:00PM

WENER'S BARBEQUE

5:00PM-6:00PM

Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD

6:00PM-8:00PM

Up the punx, down the emal Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. flexyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com

SALARIO MINIMO

8:00PM-10:00PM

THE LOVE DEN alt.

10:00PM-12:00AM

<loveden@hotmail.com>

ESCAPISM alt.

10:00PM-12:00AM

es+cap+ism n: escape from the reality or routine of life by absorbing the mind in entertainment or fantasy.

Host: DJ Satylicon.

<DJsatylicon@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES

12:00AM-6:00AM

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

FIL-IN

6:00AM-7:00AM

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

7:00AM-9:00AM

CITE NEWS AND ARTS

10:00AM-11:00AM

EXQUISITE CORPSE

10:00AM-11:30AM

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

ANOIZE

11:30AM-1:00PM

Luke Meat inflates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE alt.

1:00PM-2:00PM

FOR THE RECORD alt.

1:00PM-2:00PM

DEMOCRACY NOW

2:00PM-3:00PM

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

MOTORDADDY alt.

3:00PM-5:00PM

Cycle-rific rawk and roll!

RUMBLETONE RADIO alt.

3:00PM-5:00PM

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES

5:00PM-6:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music. too. www.necessaryvoices.org <necessaryvoices@telus.net>

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt.

6:30PM-8:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

BLUE MONDAY alt.

6:30PM-8:00PM

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schlong to, hosted by Coreen.

PRIMAL

8:00PM-9:00PM alt.

A sex positive fortnightly news magazine, hosted by Maura Ingraham. www.primaradio.net

JUSTICE BOX

8:00PM-9:00PM alt.

Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexually educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span! www.jukeboxradio.com

FOUK OASIS

9:00PM-11:00PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt country, and more. Not a mirage!

<fokoasis@canada.com>

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR

11:00PM-2:00AM

This is pretty much, the best thing on radio.

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM

2:00AM-6:00AM

THURSDAY

FIL - IN

8:00AM-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS

8:00AM-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON

10:00AM-11:30AM

Musical inspired by Chocolate Thunder: Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic friendship. <robotlove@yahoo.com>

FIRE D UP

11:30AM-12:00PM

Ever told yourself "I can't even boil water, let alone cook a chicken or stir-fry vegetables!" Let Chef Marat show you the way to create easy meals prepared in the comfort of your own kitchen/becherer pad or car. OK, maybe not the car. Wouldn't want to spill anything on the upholstery.

UNPACK YOUR ADJECTIVES

12:00PM-1:00PM

WE ALL FALL DOWN

1:00PM-2:00PM

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW

2:00PM-3:00PM

Comix comic comic. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS

3:00PM-5:00PM

DJ Knownone slaves over hot-multi-track to bring a fresh continuous mix of fresh every week. Made from scratch, samples and just a few drops of fame. Our tables also have plethora of guest DJs, performers, interviews, giveaways, Strong Bad and the occasional public service announcements. <eno_wonk@yahoo.ca>

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD

5:00PM-6:00PM alt.

Local Dave brings you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt.

5:00PM-6:00PM

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ZULU'S MUSIC FORUM

Listen, Discuss, and Celebrate the New Music

BRIGHT EYES I'm Wide Awake, It's Morning CD Digital Ash in Digital Um CD/LP

Everyone's favorite indie rock
guitar duo has all grown up and
has decided to unleash not one but
two brand new records, much to the
delight of his ever-growing and
broadening fanbase. Shaped in the
mind of drums and emotion present
in all of *Bright Eyes* releases,
these two brand new releases showcase

Cover *Oben's* impressive songwriting talent and ability to tell
compelling stories in his lyrics. *I'm Wide Awake* is the folk-rock
album of the pair and features guest spots by *Emogreen* *Anders*
and *the Jesus of My Heart*. *Anders*, a thing or two. Releasing two
and plenty of pedal steel and mandolin. *I'm Wide Awake*'s
debut, "We influenced each other," makes us all wonder if *Anders*
either-pap song on which *Cover* gives himself the space to try
some new things musically and make us all wonder if *Anders*
the *Faded* have been playing *Cover* a thing or two. Releasing two
stylistically different albums at the same time is no doubt a bold
move, but you have to give *Bright Eyes* credit for taking chances
and always pushing the envelope.

CD 16.98 LP 16.98 each!

MAGNOLIA ELECTRIC CO. Trials and Errors CD

In much the same way that master-
ful *Willie Nelson* chose metaphor-
phosis of nomenclature as a
means to diversify his discography (while charting new sonic
directions, collaborators, etc.), *Magnolia Electric Co.* has
Magnolia Electric Co. has. This was indeed the life of his last
and best recordings, and fittingly so *Magnolia* uses its rich folk
and deeply personal writing as a springboard for this the most
phase in his esteemed career. *Trials and Errors* is a live recording;
it is raw, corporeally exposed, as if *Magnolia* wanted his dark honest
voice to lay bare the listener thus revealing its entrancing
charms.

CD 16.98

CASS McCOMBS Prefection CD/LP

Titled as one of America's
finest independent singer-song-
writers, it would appear that
Baltimore native *Cass McCombs* stands at the precipice of mass
appeal and greater reward. His sublime first release *It* has
just received distribution throughout Europe on the *Capitol* *4AD*
label, and as he reads this sophomore effort for North
American ears, his honest plaintive melancholic soft-pap aesthetic
is now being compared to greater such as *Jonathan Demme*, *Lee*
Real and *Jefferson*. *Prefection* builds upon the promise of these
initial *McCombs* recordings, allowing *McCombs* and his verdant
band room to explore the delicacy of the more restrained end of
the outsider folk panorama. This album is soothing, catchy without
rendering little children or the product of fetishized whimsy,
and ultimately important recording forwarding today's in-
surgent indie supreme fascination.

CD 16.98 LP 16.98

SALE PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL FEBRUARY 28, 2005

ARCHER PREWITT Wilderness CD

Over the years we have constantly praised
the work of *Thelma Houston* *Anders*
Prewitt. Best known as a member of seminal indie-rock
band *Black Flag*, *Prewitt* has been a member of *the* *Dead*
as well as everyone's favorite indie jazz-rock
quintet *the* *Grass*. *Prewitt* is probably
already well represented in our record collection. That said, do yourself
a favor and discover his gorgeously gruffing solo material. Marked
with a distinctive flair for this bloody rural folk balladry with grandiose '60s
west coast soft-pap orchestration, *Prewitt*'s introspective sonic vision is infused
with tinges of brooding melancholy and a baroque timbre that effortlessly
balances high with despair, one with last and the ephemeral beauty of a
single melody before it fades. Unleashed to the work of fellow rock hero *George*
Harrison, *Archer Prewitt*'s *Wilderness* is defined to be an outdoor classic
for souls oblivious to the daily distractions that distract us from the personal
and spiritual. Enjoy, while making love.

CD 16.98

LOU BARLOW EMOH CD

Lou Barlow is best known as the founder
of the intimate indie-rock outfit *Sleazy*
and the original member of the 10-
piece recording band of the early '90s.
Earning comparisons to all the famous
nature boys (*Nick Drake*, *Sylvestre*,
Skip Spence), *Barlow*'s delicate songwriting
vision can only be described as a direct and honest manifestation of the
heart. Recalling the stripped-down folk glory of his *Band* *Barlow* and
Sue and *Fin*, *Barlow*'s new recordings on *EMOH* return to his "back to basics"
songwriting approach. These new tracks feature quiet acoustic guitars,
alternately tuned ululate and extremely lush vocals. The results are a warm and
rewarding listen. Enjoy.

CD 16.98

MATT SWEENEY & BONNIE "PRINCE" BILLY

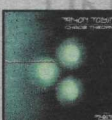
Superwolf CD/LP
Superwolf is a collaborative effort by
Joe *Demme* *Chavez* and *Will*
Demme, plus a few oddballs to fill the
songs. The *Bill* supplies the words, as it, we think, his very best calling.
No matter what the division of labor, however, the thing is good music—and
we can all agree that good music is good. It's got more of a dirty bluesy
Vin *Lee* *Blues* but the *Palace* stuff but with a little more
sassy in the studio, like that sick in *Smoking* of the *Palace* catalogue
play *Amos* *Telle* has given to create some
new spooky beats to set the *Stall* mood for
the release of the latest *Superwolf* CD game.
Taking his commissioned "in-game" samples
and beats and reworking them into a solid
soundtrack sure to get your nerves tingling. If you've ever played *Superwolf*
CD, you'll know there's no holding just what waits around the next corner.
Similarly, with *Telle*'s sick songs, he always keeps one guessing and
constantly taking a new mission of adventure.

CD 16.98 LP 16.98

AMON TOBIN Chaos Theory CD/LP

Gamers and non-gamers alike should perk
up with news that *Nickel* *Back* is releasing
Amos *Telle* has given to create some
new spooky beats to set the *Stall* mood for
the release of the latest *Superwolf* CD game.
Taking his commissioned "in-game" samples
and beats and reworking them into a solid
soundtrack sure to get your nerves tingling. If you've ever played *Superwolf*
CD, you'll know there's no holding just what waits around the next corner.
Similarly, with *Telle*'s sick songs, he always keeps one guessing and
constantly taking a new mission of adventure.

CD 16.98 LP 16.98



DESTROYER Notorious Lightning and Other Works CD

Dark, intricate and return as
an integral aspect for any great
artist's development. Look at
Springsteen's demo-tape *Rehearsal*, *John* *Depp*'s hijacking of *Robertson*
and his girl *Gracy* *Harlow*, or just consider *Cohen*'s historical satirical
death of *A Ladies Man*. Rock and roll is a mythical journey with
seeded psychological significance that requires little heroics (i.e.,
the lovely rock and roll) but of a certain level, a mystical about
exploring the creative possibilities of this historically played-out music
form, relatively speaking, while also spulating into the personal and
meaningful dark recesses of his or her soul. There is a reason the
route has traveled is as such. Certain parts court this uncharted and
unfamiliar looking. This music grows on the crisp and unobtainable
skins from older ceremonies is discarded along the path — warning
that the crazy mythological beast called "Industry" who has class
extending deep into the cultural canon. Slaying this heinous creature
is impossible, not that *Daniel* *Barbar* enters the *Requiem* *Indie*, trying
to do it is enough. And so, he bravely invites his pale *Freddie* *Eyes*
into the arena to collaborate on this intense recording of his astonishing
Yow *Music* material. High treason is in session.

CD 12.98

LOW The Great Destroyer CD/LP

Low is a band that has defined indie
rock as a sound that is both
powerful and intimate. *Low* have changed record labels. Thus,
when you break the shrink-wrap of
this new compact disc you will not be
bristling in the indie art of Chicago's hip *Kinky* *Kinky*, but rather the
purified indie cool origin of none other than that of *Sub Pop*. Take a
deep breath my friends, let the glory fill your lungs and warm your
heart, emerging every blood cell, sinking right into your marrow.
Low are going through many changes and as with most maturation
there are beautiful benefits quickly apparent. For their latest opus, *The*
Great Destroyer, *Low* challenge their own signature spacey sound-
scape to create a magnificent lull of noise resembling *Cosmo* *Phone*,
Telefonics and even our own beleaguered blaring *Joe* *R.L.* *Phelps*.
Indeed, standard tracks like the cacophonous "Monkey" and frenetically
melodious "Silver Bird" showcases *Low* adventures into sonic territories
and, in true visionary fashion, humanity's real urge: the will to
evolve.

CD 16.98 LP 14.98

ANTONY AND THE JOHNSONS I Am A Bird Now CD

Or in a while, an artist comes
so bold and powerful that people are
forced to sit up and take notice. *Antony*, along with his talented band
The Johnsons, is no doubt such an artist. Most often accompanied by
emerald piano arrangements, a choir of backing vocalists, and dramatic
stringed instrumentation, *Antony*'s unmistakably intense androgynous
voice is comparable to other unique vocalists such as *Nina* *Sissel*,
Devin *Evans*, *Glenn* *Hand*, and *Debra* *Waldman* (who makes a cameo
appearance on "What Can I Do?"). *Antony*'s ability to deliver his melanc-
cholic songs with such unflinching displays of passion and fervor is
so rare that he has been known to have those audiences lucky enough
to witness one of his rare live appearances speechless and weeping
tears of joy in their seats. His second full length *I Am A Bird Now* fea-
tures an impressive cast of musicians including guest spots by long-
time *Antony* supporters *Alan* *Frank*, old rock visionary *Devin* *Handman*,
Julia *Tanaka*, and *Ray* *Garage*. For the very first time, *Antony* and
The Johnsons are set to play live in Vancouver March 6th at the *Media*
Club, which is sure to be an infinite and memorable evening not to be
missed.

CD 16.98



THE LOCAL REPORT:

PRECIOUS FATHERS s/t CD

This thing is so overdue that we were beginning to wonder and,
frankly, worry. But as the old adage goes, good things are worth
the wait. A check? Yes. Also true? Yes. *The Fathers* serve it up right
and well-cut, somewhat jazzy instrumental music with lots of *de* and
verve. At times they're melodically a little like *Teleman*, that San Diego
based unit, except better and more alive and cooler and humbler and
ultimately more pleasant to listen to. As *Che* and *Good* tunes make
this more than precious: it is downright marvelous.

CD 12.98

BLACK MOUNTAIN s/t CD

I believe! This debut master-
work from these beautiful peo-
ple has so much sublime music in it
that it hurts. Here's a promise:
we're going to play the shit out of
this masterpiece because it is that damn hot. And here's another
promise: we're also going to boot the shit out of this masterpiece
because everyone is going to want to get free with it. The thing will
sell itself, with us as contented collaborators passing this "good vibie
machine" on to the soon-to-be committed. What's in store for you:
seriously excellent spread-out jam-rock pickles from this well-
known crew of rugged warriors and scene-mulders. This is definitely
going to be the most everybody's top pick list of 2005 — and I'm
what, February? Right on and far fucking out!

CD 12.98

CANNED HAMM Erotic Thriller CD

Now you too can star in an Erotic
Thriller of your own desire!
Indeed everyone's favorite dynamic
duo return with a hilarious new
release designed to get your ass
shaking and basking with LOVE! Read between the lines, or just read
the lines of their poetry. *Big* *Hamm* and *Lil* *Hamm* know a thing or
two about passion desire and the carnal pleasures! Hey — stop by
Zulu Feb 15th at 6PM and they will be here to sign to you! **CANNED
HAMM** inside FEB 15th 6PM. OUT FEBRUARY 14TH

CD 16.98

OTHER STUFF WORTH SHAKING A STICK AT:

MARIANNE FAITHFUL - Before the Poison CD Her
amazing collaborations with PJ HARVEY and NICK
CAVE!

SIX ORGANS OF ADMITTANCE - School of the
Flower CD

BLOC PARTY - Tulpas CDEP A sign of greatness to
come!

THE FRAMES - Burn the Maps CD More from our
beloved rock rollers.

SAGE FRANCIS - A Healthy Distrust CD/LP inventive
post-hip-hop beats.

PONY UP - s/t CDEP Montreal's finest new rock act
— look out Brooklyn.

STEREO TOTAL - To The Bambi CD New Disco is the
New Punk.

INDISCREET - Bareback DVD



afternoon
music
in the
diver

MT. EERIE AKA PHIL ELVERUM
STOPS BY ZULU FOR AN INTIMATE
PERFORMANCE, FRIDAY FEBRUARY 11TH @ 6PM
**CANNED HAMM PERFORMS SONGS FROM
EROTICTHRILLER, TUESDAY FEBRUARY 15TH @ 6PM**



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